

MAY

No. 1

10¢

# CRACK COMICS



BLACK CONDOR



WIZARD WELLS



MADAM FATAL



NED BRANT



LUCKY FOR  
JANE ARDEN THAT  
THE CLOCK  
CAME ALONG  
TO SAVE  
HER!

IN THIS ISSUE

**...THE CLOCK...**

JANE ARDEN, THE RED TORPEDO,  
ALIAS THE SPIDER, MOLLY THE  
MODEL, THE SPACE LEGION, SLAP  
HAPPY PAPPY & MANY OTHERS!





WEB COMIC  
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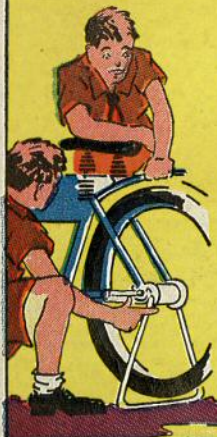
# THE TALE OF THE TROUBLED TWINS



HAL AND AL WERE TWINS ALIKE;  
EACH RECEIVED A BRAND-NEW BIKE.  
ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE.  
HOW THEY SHOUTED! WOULDN'T YOU?



THO' THEIR BIKES SEEMED JUST THE SAME,  
(EVEN TO THE MAKER'S NAME),  
HAL'S BLUE BEAUTY ALWAYS WON  
EVERY CLIMB, OR COAST, OR RUN.



AL WAS VERY MYSTIFIED,  
'TILL AT LAST, BY CHANCE, HE SPIED  
ON HAL'S BIKE A MORROW BRAKE  
(HIS WAS OF A DIFFERENT MAKE!)  
"NOW," SAID AL, THE SLEUTH, "I SEE.  
WHY YOU ALWAYS WIN FROM ME!  
MORROW BRAKES ARE PLENTY SLICK  
LET'S GO TRADE IN THIS ONE QUICK!"



AL WENT TO THE CYCLE SHOP  
WITH HIS BIKE AND MADE A SWAP.  
BUT NOW EACH RACE ENDS NECK-AND-NECK—  
NEITHER WINS!....NOW AIN'T THAT HECK?

## BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy  
pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings  
(31) than any other brake. Your bicycle  
dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!  
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION, Bendix Aviation Corp., Dept. 277, Elmira, N. Y.



Price Goes Up After  
This Introductory Sale

# Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS  
TICKETS • LABELS

From **REAL** Printer's  
Metal Type with **PRINTER'S INK**



SPECIAL  
DURING THIS SALE

\$2

The "LITTLE MAN" Works Like the  
Famous GORDON PRESS.  
1/3 Size  
**PRINTS WITH TYPE THIS SIZE**  
You will get real experience—learn to set  
type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready,  
get okays, feed the press—learn to love the  
smell of printer's ink and know the magic of  
taking a blank piece of paper and printing  
words, ideas, powerful enough to move a peo-  
ple, after the manner of Franklin, Horace  
Greeley, etc. Printing is such fun for boys.

## AMAZING NEW PRINTING PRESS

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts  
stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the  
idea that makes possible this all-time low price.

**COMES COMPLETE** Equipment includes substan-  
tially built, ALL STEEL press,  
mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3 x 3 1/2 inches steel  
type chase, 138-piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em  
quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and  
step-by-step instructions easily followed.

IF YOU PRINT FOR MONEY  
YOU WILL NEED...

Extra Type . . . . . 50c Type Case . . . . . 50c  
Extra Quads & Spaces 50c Extra Paper, 1000 Pieces 50c

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

Send "LITTLE MAN" Printing Press.

(.....) Amount Enclosed

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

**PECK BROTHERS** 2945 Whitney Ave  
Mt. Carmel, Conn.

MAIL  
COUPON  
TODAY

SEND  
NO MONEY

—unless you wish.  
When the postman brings  
your press pay \$2 plus 50c  
for charges (Pac. Coast  
\$2.85) OR, if you  
prefer attach \$2 plus  
35c postage and save  
Government G.O.D. fee.  
Mail today before price  
goes up.



# The Clock Strikes



**Says Mouse Lived  
10 Months in Can!**

HOMER, Neb., Feb. 1.—Frank  
Homer, a farmer living  
Homer, declared it was  
months, and that  
only a trial  
said he

**Stocks Dull**  
Stock Market  
yesterday in an  
indifferent

**Vitamin**  
Synthetic K Used To  
Halt Hemorrhages

**Checkup  
On Autos  
Planned**

**Taxes**

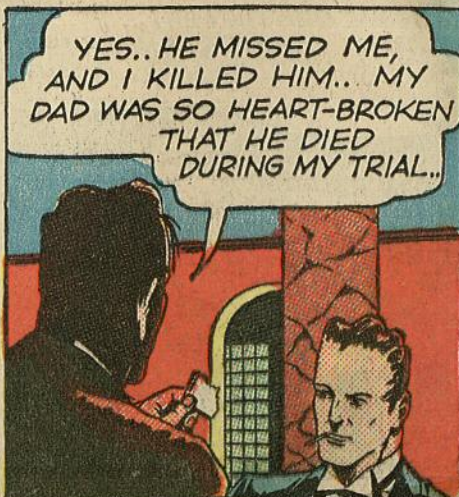
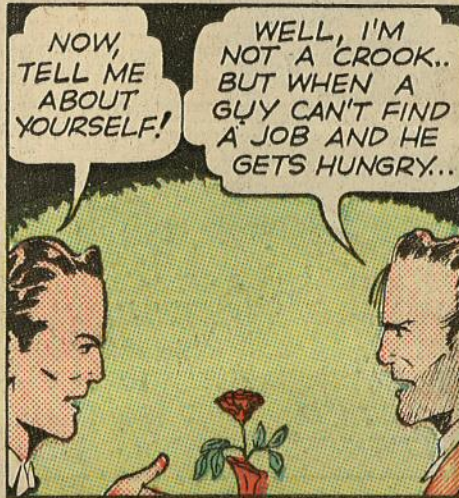
**Tentative Real Estate  
Levies Made Public**

Tentative real estate tax assess-  
ments for 1940-41 will be made  
public at 11 a. m. today, William  
Stanley Miller, president of the  
Tax Commission, announced.  
The tentative assessment books  
will be available until

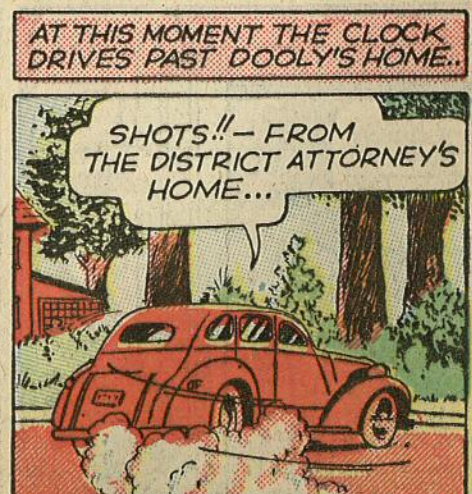
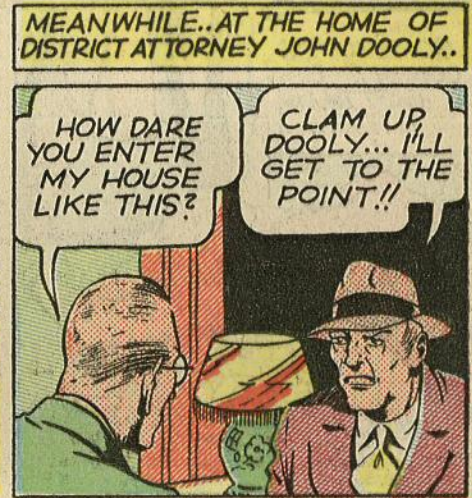
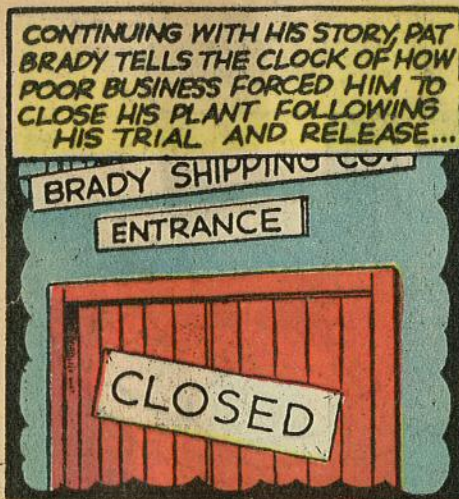
VARIED ARE THE HEADLINES THAT TEMPORARILY DISPLACE  
THOSE SCREAMING OF WAR, SABOTAGE, HATE AND PERSECUTION...  
AND CRIME SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY... BUT  
ALWAYS ON THE ALERT IS BRIAN O'BRIEN, WEALTHY YOUNG SPORTS-  
MAN, WHO IN THE DISGUISE OF "THE CLOCK," CRUSADES AGAINST ALL  
EVIL... HE NOW LEAVES HOME FOR AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT...













AS HE HEARS THE SHOTS IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOME, HIS MASK FLIES ON AND THE CLOCK STALKS TOWARD THE HOUSE...



...WHILE INSIDE...



GIMME THAT!

..TRY T'SLUG ME, WILL YA?



SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!! I GOTTA HIDE...



DOOLY! AND HIS DAUGHTER!!



OKAY..REACH FER THE CEILING!



TH'-THE CLOCK!!

YES..YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR TOO, BUT I DON'T RECALL THE NAME....



DRY UP!—ONE MOVE OUT OF YOU AN' I'LL KILL THE DAME...TURN AROUND... I'M GONNA TIE YA UP AN' THEN GET A LOOK AT THAT PUSS OF YOURS...

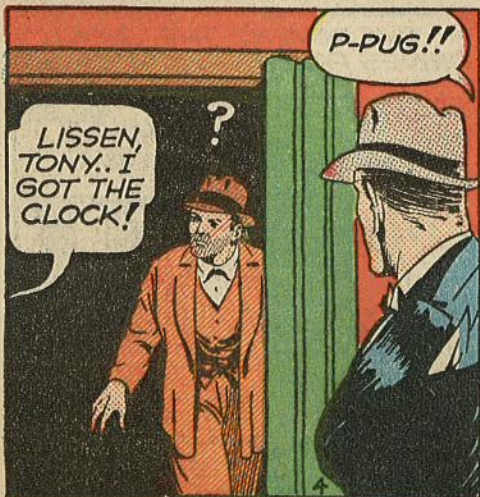


SO!! IT'S MR. BRIAN O'BRIEN, THE PLAYBOY, EH? I'LL CALL TH' BOYS AN' GIVE 'EM A LAUGH!



LISSEN, TONY. I GOT THE CLOCK!

P-PUG!!



PUG, ARE YOU IN ON THIS GAME TOO ??

NO... SHHHH!



SURE... IT'S THE CLOCK ALL RIGHT..HA-HA!! NOW HURRY OVER!!

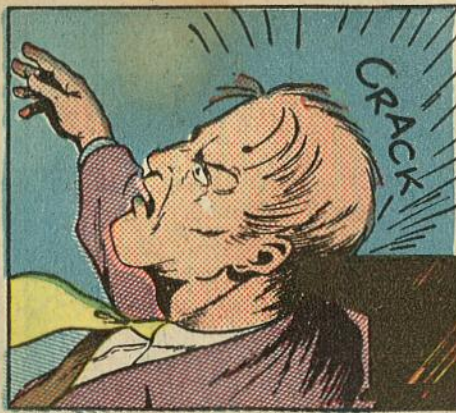
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I LOST YOUR ADDRESS AND I FOLLOWED YOU HERE TO GET IT AGAIN.. SHHH!!





AS THE UNSUSPECTING CROOK RETURNS, PUG IS UPON HIM...



...AND HIS HEAD STRIKES THE CORNER OF A TABLE....

THERE.. YOU'RE FREE, MR. O'BRIEN!

I NEARLY JUDGED YOU WRONG, PUG...

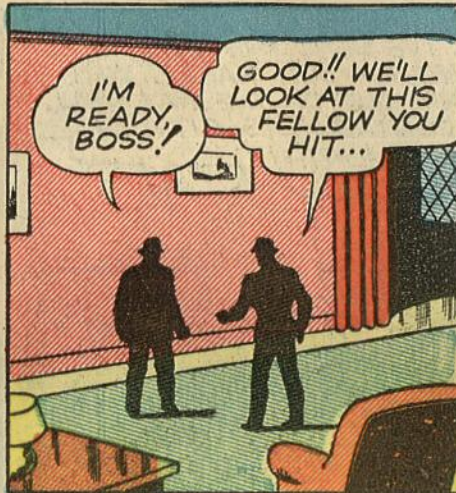


..AND IF YOU WANT TO GO TO WORK, YOU CAN START IN RIGHT NOW.... OKAY?



I'M READY, BOSS!

GOOD!! WE'LL LOOK AT THIS FELLOW YOU HIT...



PUG, YOU'VE SAVED THE STATE THE COST OF AN EXECUTION... HE'S DEAD!

WHAT??



YES..BUT DON'T WORRY... HE HAD IT COMING... I'VE GOT AN IDEA....



I'M GOING TO CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THE CORPSE.. WHILE I'M DOING IT, YOU REVIVE MISS DOOLY.. AND FIND OUT EVERY WORD THIS DEAD MAN SAID TO THEM!



AND WITH THE AID OF MAKE-UP WHICH HE ALWAYS CARRIES, THE CLOCK IS NOW READY TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN....



HMM.. NOT TOO BAD!!

H-HEY!! WHAT TH--??

DON'T GET EXCITED, PUG.... IT'S YOUR BOSS.. WHAT DID YOU LEARN?



..PUG RELATES EVERY WORD OF THE GIRL'S STORY....



..THEN HE HIT HER..THAT'S ALL SHE REMEMBERS..

THE RAT!! HE DESERVED WHAT HE GOT.. NOW, LISTEN CLOSELY....

SEE THAT DOOLY GETS MEDICAL ATTENTION.. THEN KEEP THEM BOTH UNDER COVER... I WANT IT TO LOOK LIKE DOOLY'S RUNNING OUT ON THE INVESTIGATION.. MEET ME AT MY PLACE.. NOW BEAT IT... THAT TONY IS COMING!









THE CLOCK AND PUG ARE ON A ROOF ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE "BIG SHOT'S" HIDE-OUT.



... HE CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW SHOOTING!!



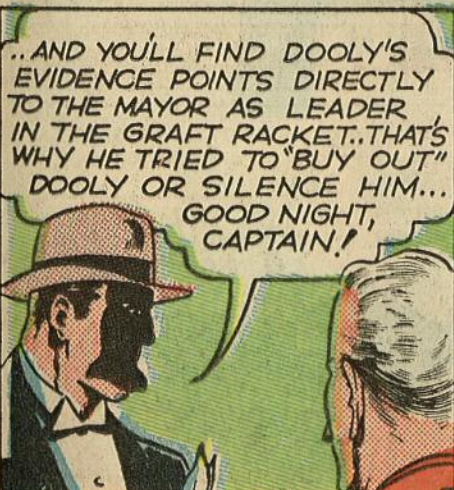
..AND PUG DASHES IN AND DOES SERVICE WITH HIS FISTS..



CAPTAIN KANE IS RELEASED AND THE "BIG SHOT" UNMASKED.



THE CLOCK AND PUG NOW FORCE THE REMAINING THUGS TO SURRENDER....



LATER.. WITH THE GANG IN PRISON AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY DOOLY RECOVERING, THE CLOCK FACES HIS NEW PARTNER...





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

WHEN THAT PHONEY JIM SOUTHERN HEARD ME SAY A BIG DETECTIVE WAS HERE HE JUMPED. LET'S WATCH HIM!

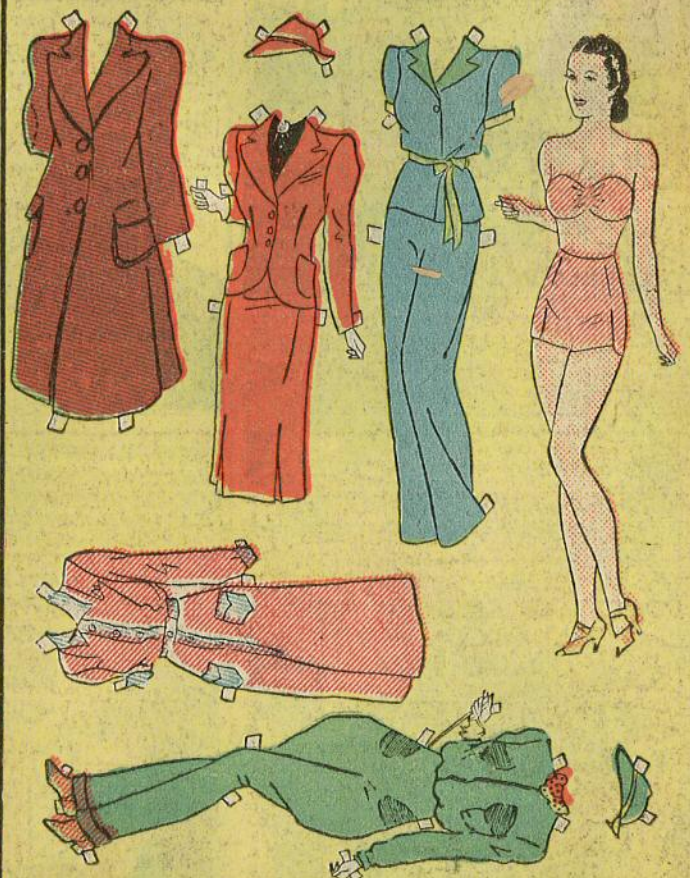
OKAY, JANE.. HE MIGHT TRY TO LEAVE!



LATER..



## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

SUE, YOU CAN HELP ME SOLVE A CASE, IF YOU WILL...

OH YES?

WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, PAL?

WHERE ARE THOSE PHOTOS OF JIM SOUTHERN?

OHH... I THREW THOSE AWAY, JANE!

YES'M.. AH EMPTIES TH' WASTE BASKETS, MA'AM!

I'LL GIVE YOU A DOLLAR TO HELP ME.

LATER... IS THIS ONE?

YES.. THAT'S FINE!

CLARENCE SAID JIM DIDN'T USED TO HAVE A MUSTACHE SO...

WHY-HELLO, JANE! WHAT? WHY THAT CASHIER WHO TOOK THE \$70,000 WAS TIM STRATTON ... WHY?

WHAT?? AT BOUNTY LAKE? HANG ON TO HIM...

I'LL BE UP AS FAST AS I CAN

SEE? HE HAS A MUSTACHE NOW.. BUT HE'S OUR MAN, CHIEF.

SURE.. THAT'S HIM!

HE'S STILL IN THERE, JANE...

THIS IS CLARENCE, INSPECTOR

HE'S HELPED ME!

THIS IS A 'PINCH', STRATTON

BUT.. I'M NOT...

WE KNOW YOU!

THIS PHOTO SHOWS YOU'RE STRATTON!

HOW COME YA AIN'T DOIN' ANY CHORES, LENA?

I'M DONE WORKIN' FOR YOU!

BUT, LENA.. HOW'S THE WORK GOIN' T'B E DID IF YOU DON'T DO IT?

WHAT D'YOU THINK?

QUICK!! ANOTHER MAN BEATIN' A POOR WOMAN!

HELP! HELP!!

GUESS SHE WON'T WORK...

YA WON'T DO ANY CHORES, EH?

WALP!

WHY YOU---!! TAKE THAT, AN' THAT-- AN'----

HEY, YOU!

WAL, I GIVED IT T'HER, PAW.. NO GAL IS GONNA ABUSE YA WHILE I'M AROUN'!

WOW!!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

GEE...I'M SO GLAD THAT 'VACATION' IS OVER, SUE!

YEAH... BUT YOU WENT AND ARRESTED MY BOY FRIEND!

I'LL BE HAPPY TO WORK AGAIN...

OHH... WHY MUST YOU MENTION 'WORK'?

?

DON'T MIND, I'LL SIT ACROSS THE WAY.

OH! IS THIS YOUR SEAT? WE'RE SORRY...

WHY DID HE COME FROM A DRAWING ROOM?

MAY I SIT HERE?

OF COURSE, PLEASE DO..

MAYBE YOU'D HELP ME OFF LATER? I HAVE SEVERAL BAGS...

WE'RE ALL SET...

YOU'RE VERY KIND!

LOOK! WE AREN'T AT A STATION!

WHY CHIEF!! WHY ARE YOU GETTING ON OUT HERE IN THE YARDS?

C'MON WITH ME!

LOOK...HE'S DEAD!

HMM... A MURDER!

SAY, LENA... AH IS VERY STARVED!

WELL, YOU WON'T EAT 'TILL YA DO THE CHORES!

THAT'S TELLIN' 'IM, LENA!

HMM.... SO TH' WIMMIN IS ON STRIKE, HUH?

..AN' YA SAY THEY REFUSES T'WORK?

YEP.. AN' I COME T'GET ONE OF YER PET SKONKS!

NOW BE SURE YA TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM...

AH WILL!

WOW!! LENA.. LOOK!!

HO-HUM.. WE'LL BEAT THESE MEN YET!

HAW!! LOOKIT 'EM GO!

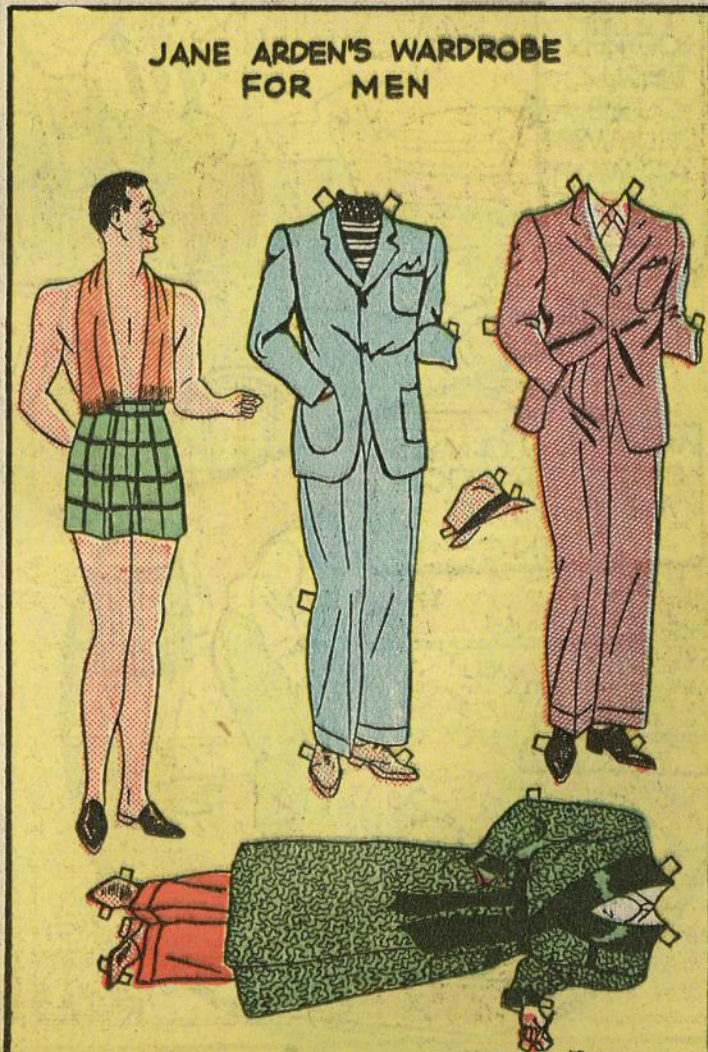
YO' SURE MOVED 'EM FROM THIS PIE, LIL' FELLA!





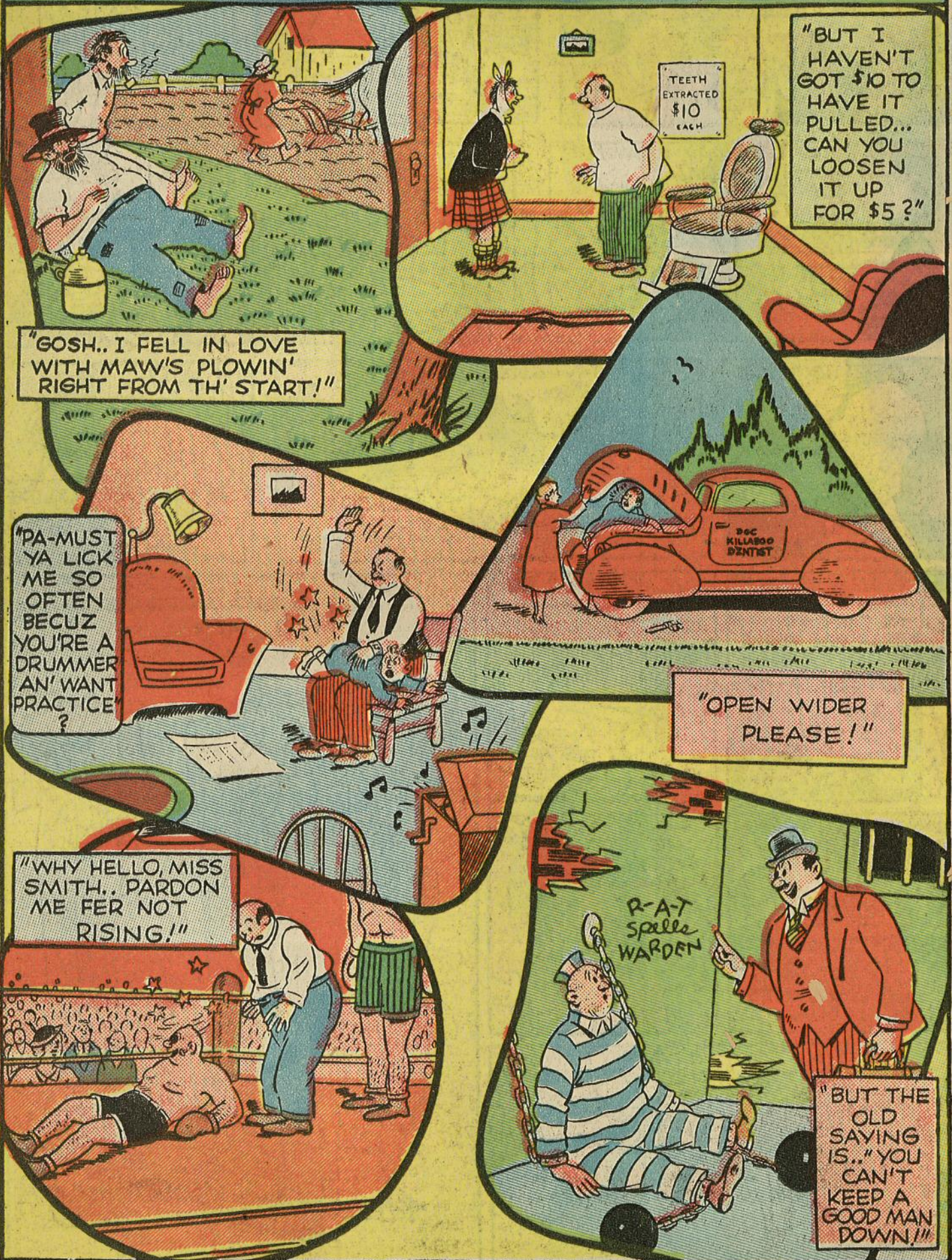
# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Burrows and Russell E. Ross



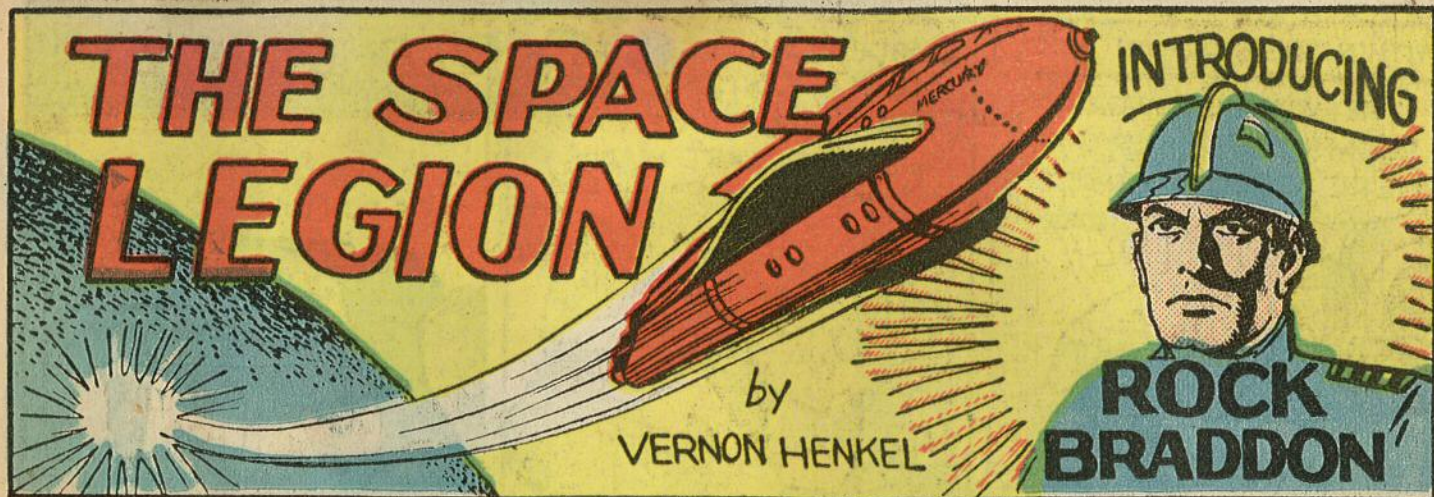


# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*

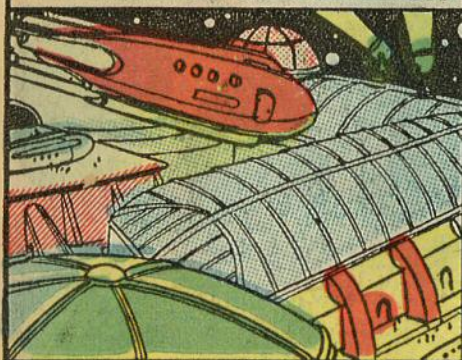


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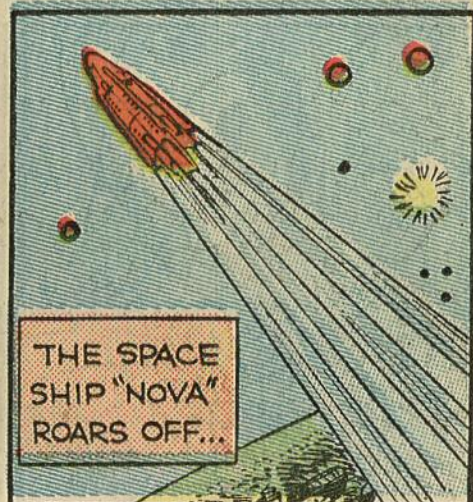




THE SPACE-PORT OF THE EARTH COLONY "HISPAN," ON MARS....



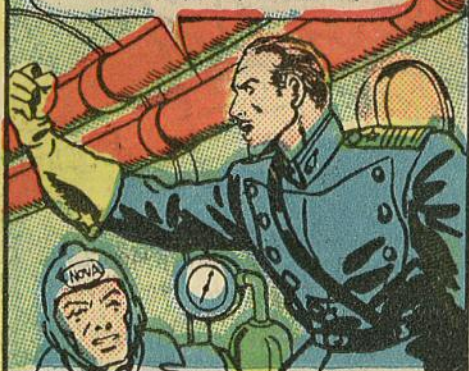
CAPTAIN GRAVES...YOU CARRY A VALUABLE CARGO OF RADIUM..TAKE THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO EARTH.. AND WATCH FOR PIRATES!



LATER.. IN THE CONTROL ROOM



HE MUSTN'T CATCH US!! NAVIGATOR, FULL POWER ON ALL TUBES!



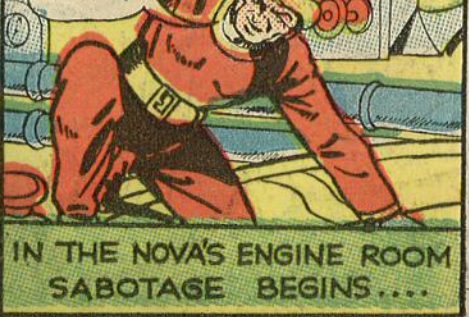
WE'RE PURSUED BY **HARG!!** CONTACT THE SPACE PATROL!



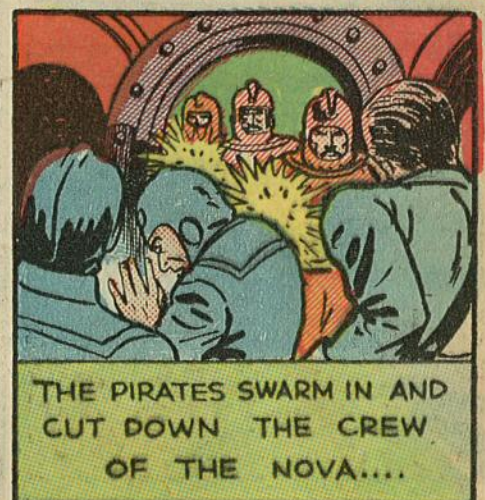
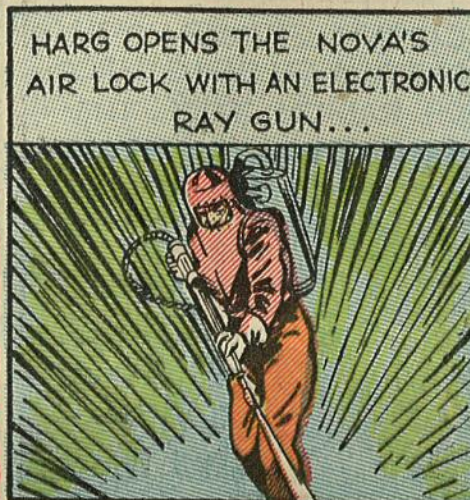
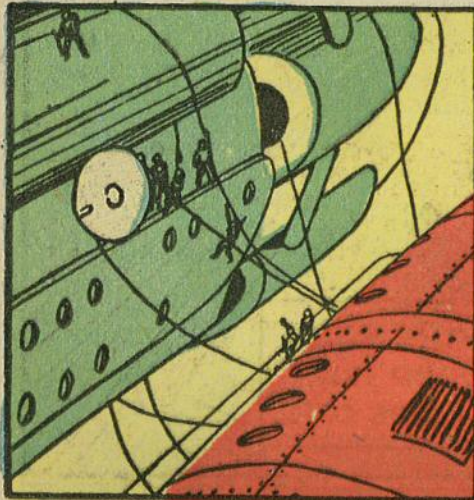
IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF HARG'S SHIP, THE "TITAN."



HARG SHOULD PAY ME WELL FOR THIS!











HELLO.. ROCKET ENGINEER?  
THIS IS THE CONTROL  
BRIDGE...



YES....  
WHAT'S UP,  
ROCK  
?  
THE PIRATE HARG'S  
MOON-BOUND...  
WE CAN'T LOSE  
HIM...GIVE ME  
ALL THE SPEED  
SHE'LL TAKE !



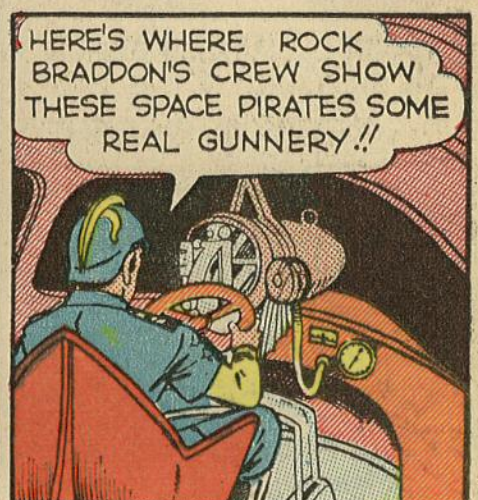
SO HARG'S BASE IS HERE ON  
THE MOON./ NO WONDER  
HE ALWAYS ELUDED US!



AT THE BASE, HARG WATCHES.  
A PATROL SHIP, HUH?  
WELL I'LL FIX THEM.!



OH-OH...HARG IS SENDING  
OUT TWO SMALL FIGHTING  
SHIPS TO ENGAGE US.. BATTLE  
STATIONS PREPARE FOR  
ACTION!



HERE'S WHERE ROCK  
BRADDON'S CREW SHOW  
THESE SPACE PIRATES SOME  
REAL GUNNERY!!



THERE!! HARG HAS ONE LESS  
SHIP NOW.. LET'S BAG THIS  
OTHER ONE JUST AS FAST!



THE  
REMAINING  
PIRATE  
CRAFT DIVES  
BACK TO  
THE MOON  
FOR COVER..



.. BUT IT IS UNABLE TO  
ESCAPE THE ACCURATE RAY-  
GUNS OF THE SPACE PATROL..



MEANWHILE... HARG AND HIS  
MEN ARE SEEN FLEEING TO A  
MOUNTAIN CAVERN....

EVEN IF WE LAND, IT'LL BE  
TOUGH  
GETTING  
THEM,  
ROCK!!



WELL, WE'LL GET THEM!  
WE CAN'T BLOW UP THAT  
MOUNTAIN... SO WE'LL GO  
IN AFTER 'EM !!

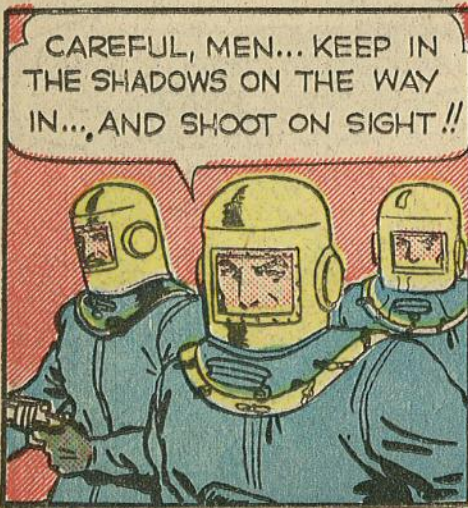
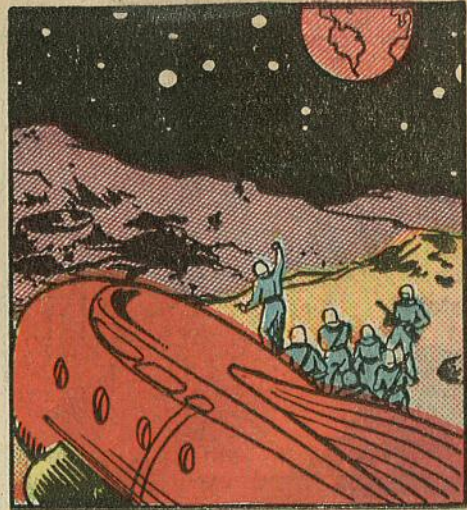




ROCK BRADDON'S PATROL SHIP "MERCURY" LANDS ON THE MOON'S SURFACE...



CURLY!! DUTCH!! STAY WITH THE SHIP...THE REST OF THE CREW WILL FOLLOW ME TO THE CAVERN..IN SPACE SUITS!



CAREFUL, MEN... KEEP IN THE SHADOWS ON THE WAY IN... AND SHOOT ON SIGHT!!



THE TUNNEL LEADS TO A GREAT CAVERN.. DUG FROM THE SOFT LAVA OF THE MOON MOUNTAIN....



WAIT!

ONE OF THE MEN PUSHES AHEAD.. ROCK YELLS.... BUT TOO LATE!



THEY'VE PLANTED RAY-PROJECTORS ACROSS THIS ENTRANCE! STAND BACK, MEN!



ROCK NOW DESTROYS THE DEADLY PROJECTORS WITH HIS RAY GUN....



FIRE!

AND HARG'S HIDDEN FORCE OPENS FIRE ON THE SPACE LEGION MEN....

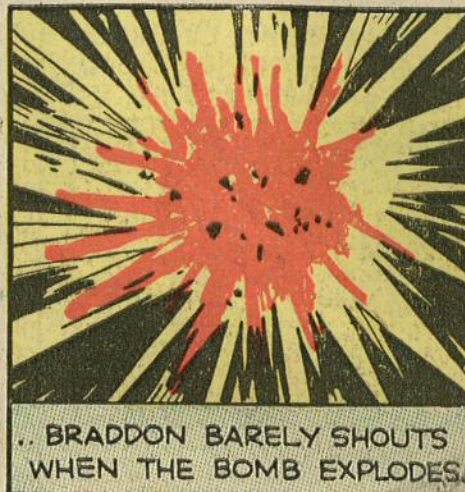


TO COVER, MEN!



SOON THE SHARP FIRE OF ROCK BRADDON'S MEN DRIVES THE SPACE PIRATES BACK...

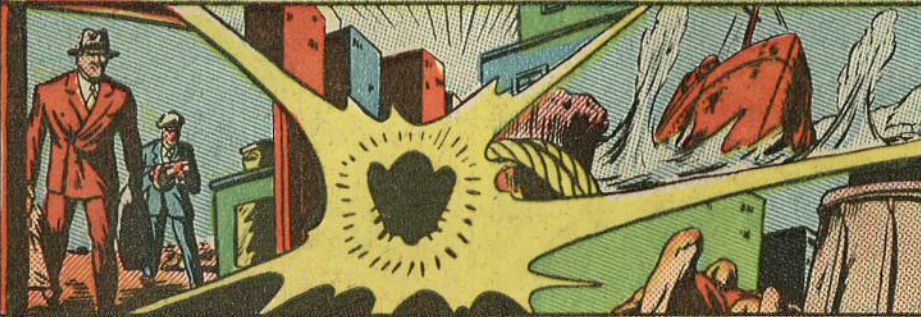






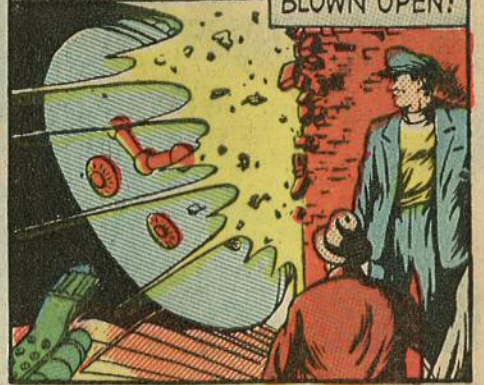
# Alias the SPIDER

...JEWELRY SHOPS ARE LOOTED.....AN OCEAN LINER IS DESTROYED AND A SHIPMENT OF GOLD STOLEN.....AND NUMEROUS MURDERS OCCUR...ALL IN ONE NIGHT...



THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS AND UNABLE TO FIND BUT A SINGLE CLUE... THE SIGN OF "THE CRICKET".

A REIGN OF TERROR BREAKS OUT IN A LARGE CITY... EVEN THE CITY TREASURY'S SAFE IS BLOWN OPEN!



SO, "THE CRICKETS" HAVE ORGANIZED AGAIN!

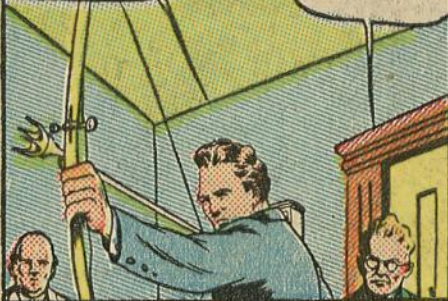
YOUR TURN AT THE TARGET, STRANGER!



NEWS OF THE CATASTROPHIES REACH A FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.

I'M AFRAID THIS WILL BE MY LAST ARROW. SOMETHING HAS COME UP THAT NEEDS MY ATTENTION!

WHAT A STRANGE ARROW!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE BY-STANDERS, THE STRANGER'S ARROW BURSTS INTO FLAMES AS IT LEAVES THE BOW... AND AS IT REACHES THE TARGET, ONLY THE ARROW HEAD IS LEFT!!

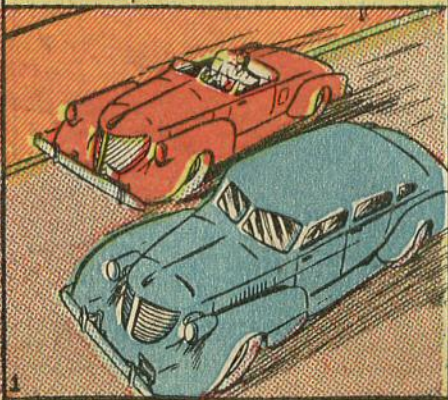


IT-IT LOOKS LIKE A SPIDER!

STEVENS—  
THE SPIDER!!  
W-WHAT TH—  
HE'S GONE!



MEANWHILE... AS THE STRANGER KNOWN AS *THE SPIDER* LEAVES THE CLUB, A SEDAN PASSES HIS CAR



A HAND WHIPS OUT OF THE SEDAN AND A PACKAGE LANDS ON THE SEAT OF THE STRANGER'S ROADSTER!

WHAT'S THIS?  
THE SIGN OF THE CRICKET!!

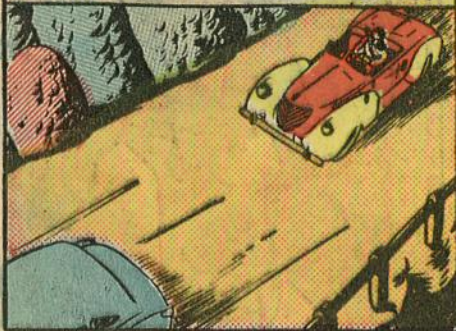


INSTANTLY THE STRANGER, ALIAS *THE SPIDER*, HURLS THE PACKAGE INTO THE RIVER..A MOMENT LATER THE WATER RISES IN A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!

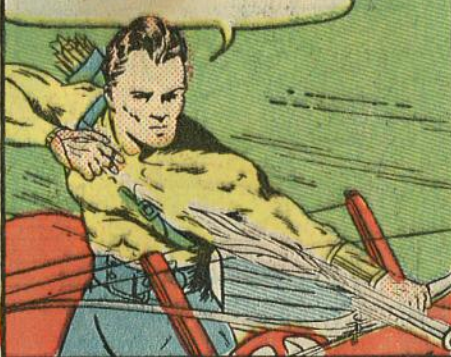




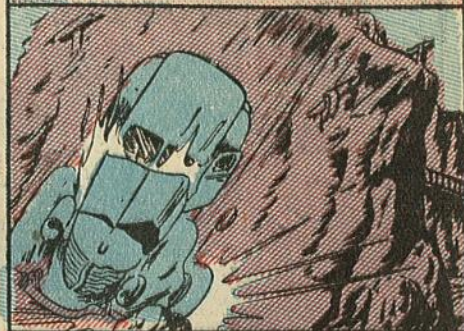
IN A SHORT TIME THE ROADSTER IS TRAILING THE SEDAN. MEANWHILE,... THE STRANGER HAS CHANGED HIS ATTIRE TO THAT OF HIS ALIAS... **THE SPIDER!**



SO 'THE CRICKETS' KNOW WHO I AM, EH! IT'S TOO BAD FOR THEM THAT THEIR PLAN DIDN'T WORK!



A MOMENT LATER A FLAMING ARROW STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR AND INTO THE SEDAN. THE CAR SWERVES CRAZILY AND CRASHES OVER THE EMBANKMENT....



AS THE SPIDER REACHES THE BURNING SEDAN OF THE CRICKETS' ....

TOO LATE TO SAVE ANY OF THEM! WHAT'S THIS? -A PACKAGE OF JEWELS!



'WHERE THE CLOCK STRIKES BY THE HALF HOUR .... WEARING A CLOAK OF BLACK AT MIDNIGHT'... THAT MUST BE THE EMPIRE LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING!!



THE JEWEL PACKAGE HOLDS A NOTE...

**THE SPIDER** SOON COMES TO A STOP NEAR THE EMPIRE LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING...



THERE HE IS!

MOVING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE BUILDING, THE SPIDER MAKES HIS WAY TO BEHIND THE CLOAKED FIGURE.

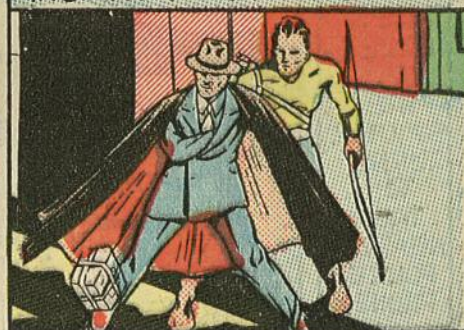


ANY ORDERS FROM 'THE CRICKET'?

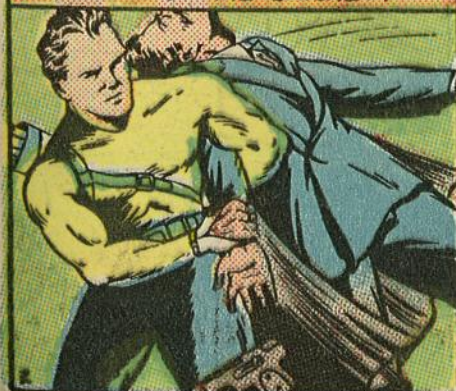
YES - HERE THEY....



AS THE CLOAKED FIGURE IS ABOUT TO GIVE **THE SPIDER** THE ORDERS, HE SEES **THE SPIDER'S** SHADOW ON THE SIDEWALK AND INSTANTLY DRAWS HIS GUN.



IN A FLASH POWERFUL ARMS STRIKE OUT AND GRASP THE AGENT OF 'THE CRICKET'!



I'LL TAKE THOSE ORDERS... 'LEBSON'S AT 12:30! NOW - WHO IS 'THE CRICKET'?

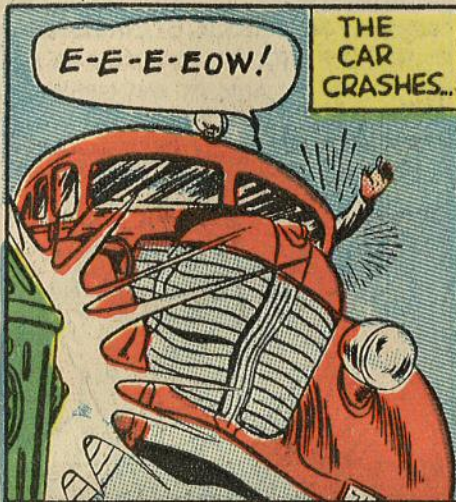
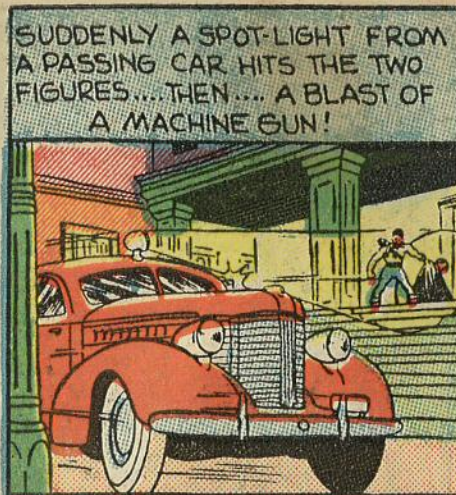
I DON'T KNOW - NO ONE KNOWS!!



PERHAPS THIS WILL MAKE YOU KNOW!!









WITH THE POLICE ON THE SCENE, **THE SPIDER** QUICKLY LEAVES TO DELIVER THE PACKAGE OF JEWELS TO 510 SPRING STREET... IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE CRICKET.

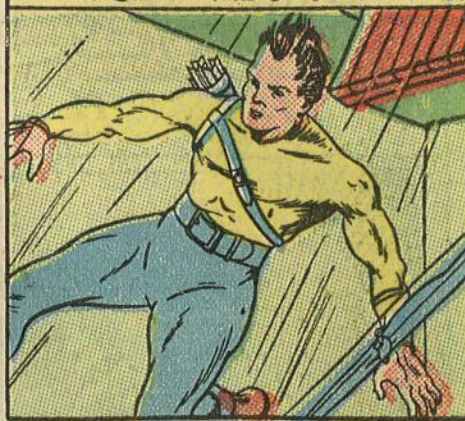


AS **THE SPIDER** ENTERS 510 SPRING STREET .....

NICE CREEPY PLACE! STRANGE—NOBODY'S HERE...



SUDDENLY A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR BELOW **THE SPIDER** OPENS!

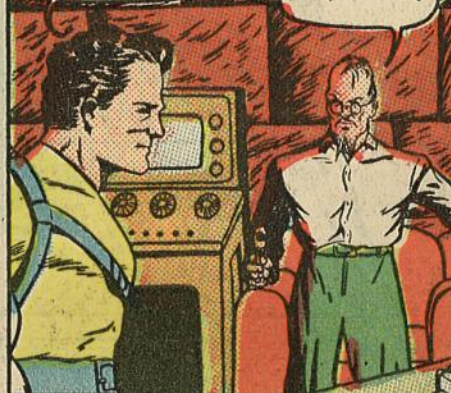


WELCOME, MR. SPIDER! SO YOU'VE COME TO STOP MY WORK, EH? I WAS EXPECTING YOU, SO I AM PREPARED TO DO AWAY WITH YOU ... JUST AS YOU PLANNED TO DO AWAY WITH ME!



SO, YOU'RE **THE CRICKET**!

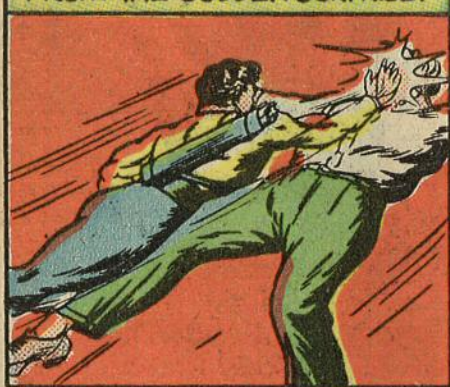
YES...NOW BACK AGAINST THE WALL!



**THE SPIDER** BRUSHES AGAINST A CHAIR .... LIKE A FLASH HE SENDS IT CRASHING INTO **THE CRICKET**....

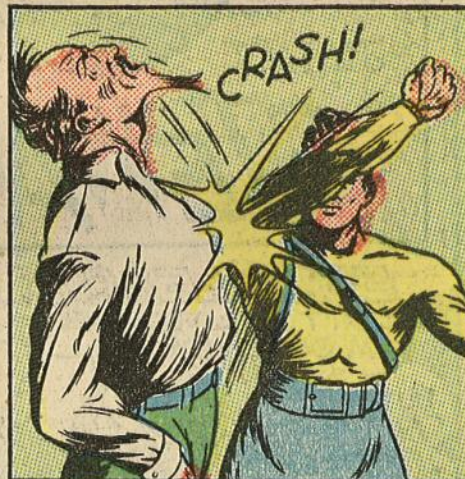


...AND DIES AFTER HIM BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO RECOVER FROM THE SUDDEN SURPRISE.



I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS FOR THIS!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



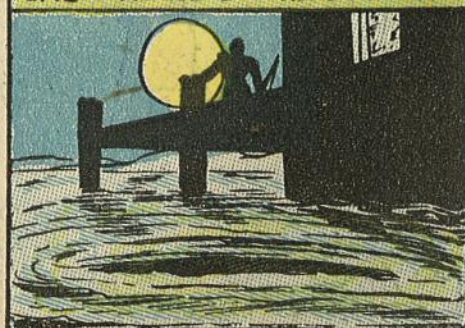
ANOTHER TERRIFIC BLOW SENDS **THE CRICKET** CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW ....



... AND INTO THE BLACK RIVER BELOW ..



AS **THE SPIDER** IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT TO WATCH THE CIRCLES ON THE BLACK, COLD WATER .... **THE LAST TRACE OF 'THE CRICKET'**!



Follow Alias The Spider in the June issue of **CRACK COMICS**.



# SCREEN SNAPSHOTS



**JIMMY  
STEWART**

WHENEVER STEWART GIVES AN INTERVIEW HE MAKES BELIEVE HE'S VERY BASHFUL BUT IT'S ONLY PUBLICITY-ACTUALLY HE'S A 'ONE MAN ESCORT BUREAU' TO ALL THE UNATTACHED, PRETTY GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD!

...AND HAVE YOU BEEN AN ESCORT FOR ANY OF THE GLAMOR GIRLS, LATELY?

GIRLS?... GULP... AH GEE, DON'T ASK ME ABOUT GIRLS- YOU KNOW HOW BASHFUL I AM!



I JUST HEARD THAT THEY'RE MAKING ONE OF THOSE PIE-THROWING COMEDIES OVER AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS!

HEY JIMMY!- WHAT'S YA' BIG HURRY?



JIMMIE'S FAVORITE DESSERT IS PIE!

## FOTO FACTS

I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL- I'M GOING HOME!

BUT MISS WONG, YOU CAN'T GET ILL NOW, YOU GOTTA FINISH DYING IN THIS SCENE!!



SCENE #4

ANNA MAE WONG HAS 'DIED' IN 23 OF THE 26 PICTURES IN WHICH SHE HAS BEEN FEATURED!!

THE DIFFERENCE IN TYPES OF ICE SKATES HAD TO BE EXPLAINED TO JIMMY FOR HIS PART IN 'ICE FOLLIES'!



IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHAT TYPE YOU SKATE ON, YOU'LL STILL FALL ON THE SAME SPOT!

- GILL FOX -




# WIZARD WELLS

## Miracle Man

*Too Hot to Hold!!*

by **FRANK CAMPBELL**

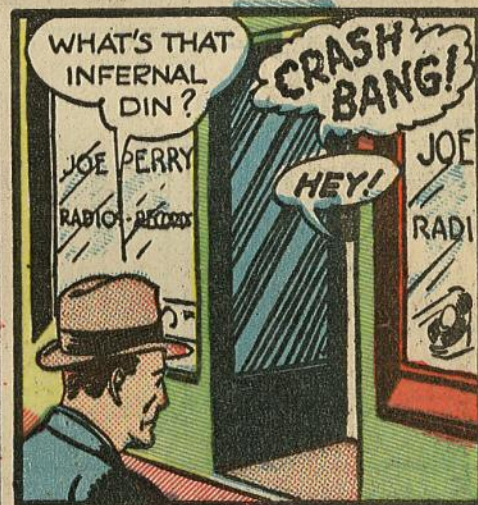


WIZARD WELLS, A FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALF BACK, HAS BECOME ONE OF THE NATION'S OUTSTANDING INVENTORS AND RESEARCH SCIENTISTS..... WITH THE "DOUBTFUL" ASSISTANCE OF "TUG," A PUNCH-DRUNK EX-FIGHTER WHO HAS ATTACHED HIMSELF TO WELLS, THE YOUNG INVENTOR WORKS IN HIS PENTHOUSE LABORATORY.



HEY, LOOKIT, WIZ... I WANTA BUY A NEW SWING RECORD!

WITH SOME "MOANING MORON" DOING THE VOCAL HONORS I SUPPOSE. I'LL WAIT HERE!



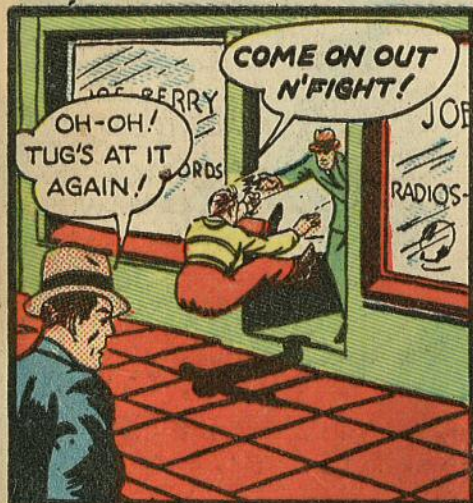
WHAT'S THAT INFERNAL DIN?

CRASH BANG!

HEY!

JOE PERRY  
RADIO RECORDS

JOE  
RADI



OH-OH! TUG'S AT IT AGAIN!

COME ON OUT N' FIGHT!

JOE PERRY  
RADIO RECORDS



WHY,... THAT FELLOW HAS A PISTOL!.. HALT!



... AS MUCH AS I DISLIKE PHYSICAL COMBAT!



TUG!... WHAT OCCURRED?

IF HE HADN'T PULLED A ROD ON ME I'D-A TOOK HIM!

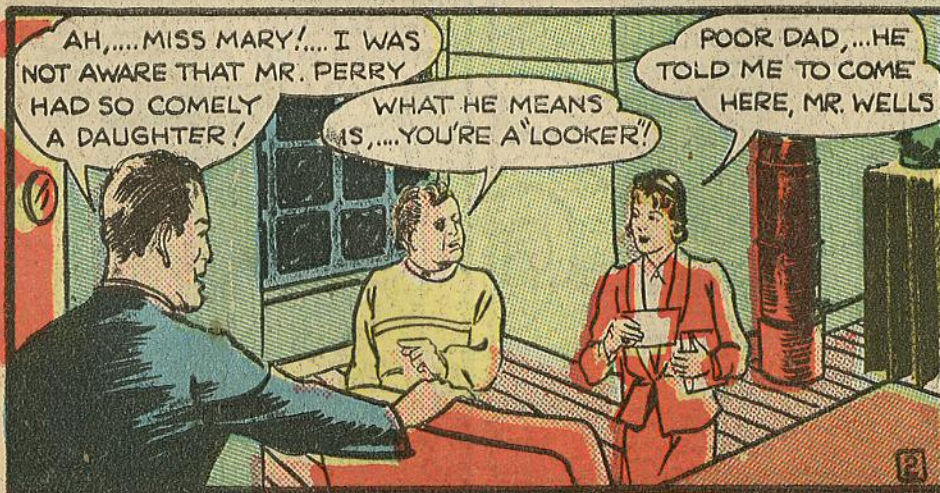
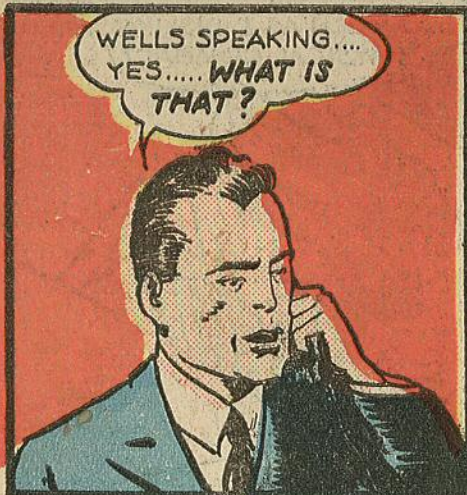
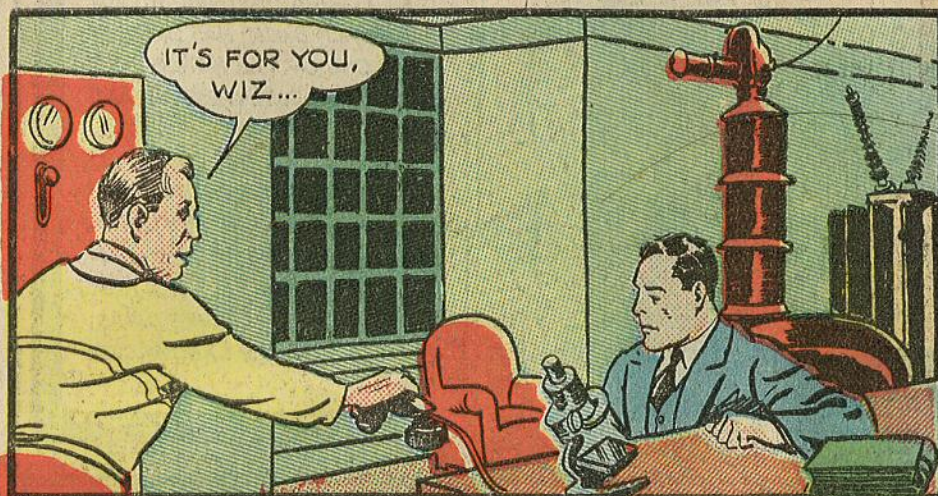
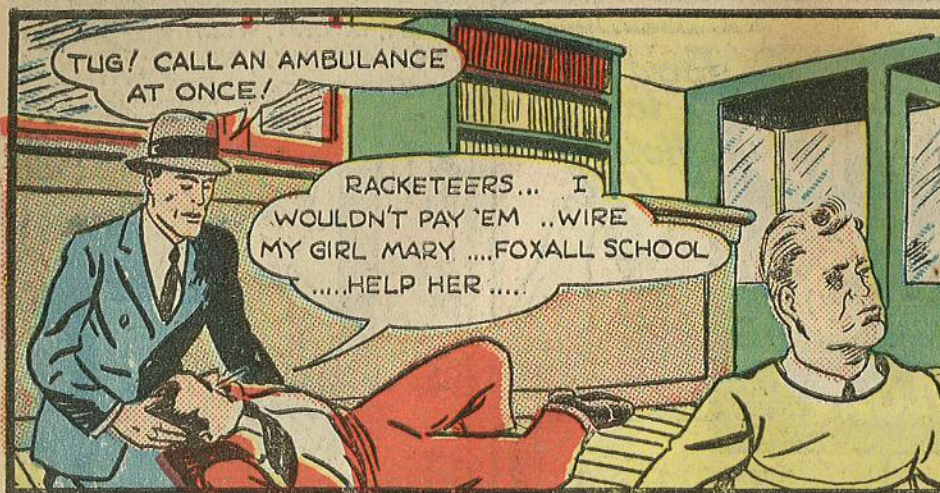
YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME AGAIN, PUNK!



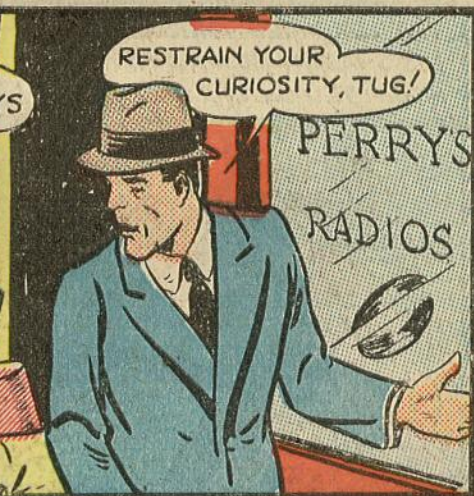
THE OLD GUY AT OWNS THE STORE'S HURT PRETTY BAD!

PERRY  
CORDS





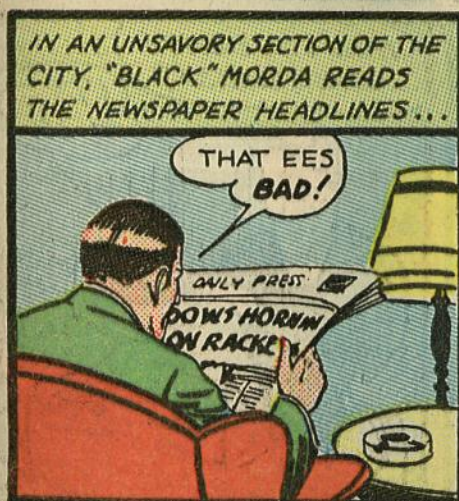




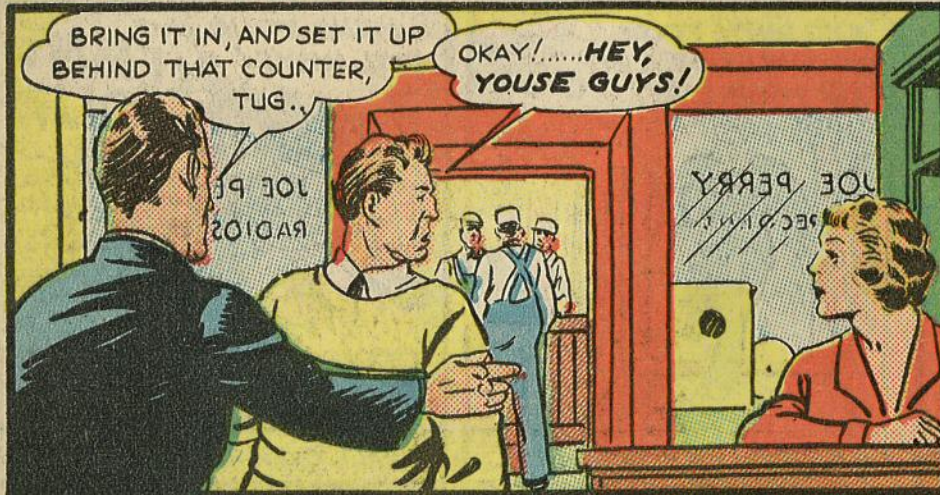
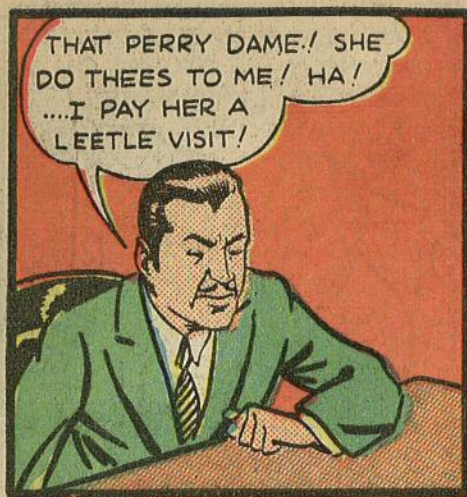




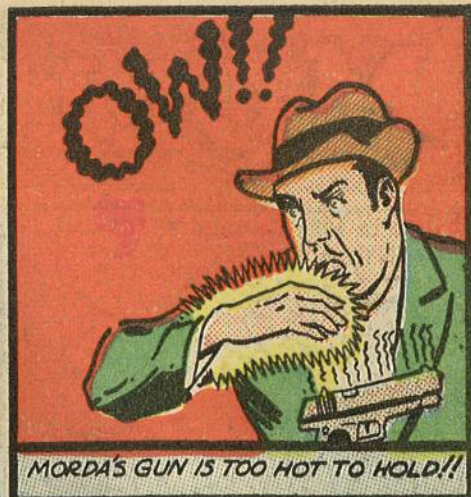








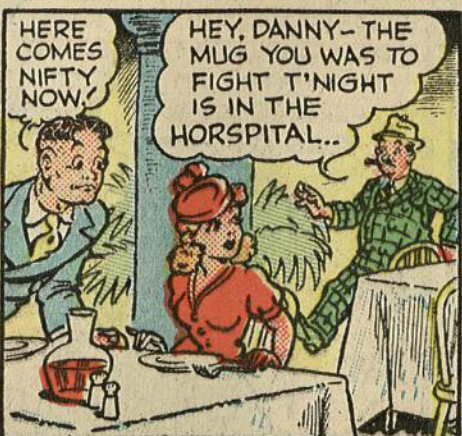
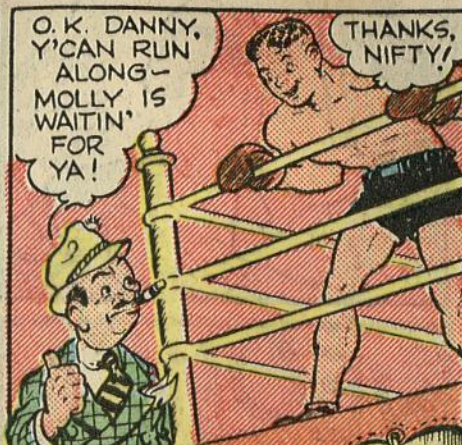
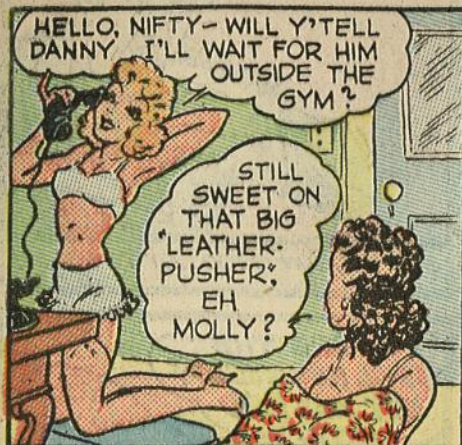






# MOLLY <sup>THE</sup> MODEL

by Devlin





# Molly the Model

REMEMBER, IT'S BRAN' NEW..  
SO BREAK IT IN  
SLOWLY!



HULLO, MOLLY-  
NIFTY'S LETTIN'  
US TAKE A DRIVE  
IN HIS NEW CAR-  
WE KIN SORTA  
BREAK IT IN  
FOR HIM..

OH, HOW  
NICE,  
DANNY!



LOOK, MOLLY, AIN'T  
THAT YOUR FATHER  
COMIN' OUT  
OF THAT-  
ER--A--  
ER--

WELL, IT'S  
NOT AN ICE CREAM  
PARLOR-  
HEY  
POP!



AH! HELLO,  
M'DEAR-  
HELLO  
DANNY-HM,  
NEW CAR,  
EH?

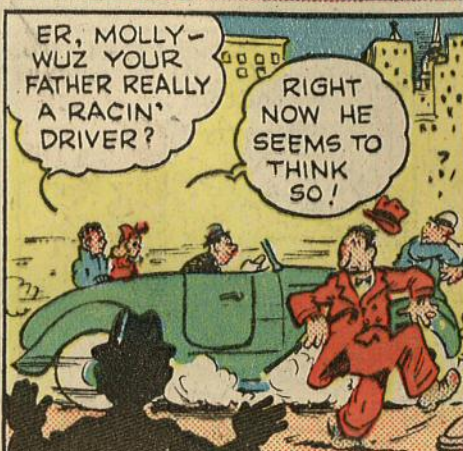
OH, TAIN'T MINE,  
MISTER MALONEY.  
IT'S NIFTY'S-  
WOULD  
Y'LIKE  
T'TAKE  
A  
RIDE?

C'MON  
POP, WIPE  
OFF YOUR  
CHIN AN'  
HOP IN!



HM-ER, NO THANKS, M'BOY-  
YOU SEE, I NEVER RIDE  
IN A CAR UNLESS I  
DRIVE IT MYSELF -  
HAVIN' BEEN A  
RACING  
DRIVER..

WELL  
YOU KIN  
DRIVE IF  
Y'WANT TO,  
MISTER  
MALONEY.



ER, MOLLY-  
WUZ YOUR  
FATHER REALLY  
A RACIN'  
DRIVER?

RIGHT  
NOW HE  
SEEMS TO  
THINK  
SO!



LOOK! A COP!  
HE MUSTA SEEN  
YOU WUZ  
SPEEDIN'  
MISTER  
MALONEY!

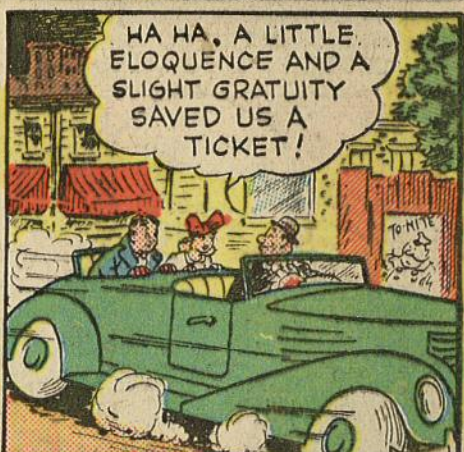
HUH-  
SO IT IS-  
HM, QUICK  
DANNY, LET ME  
HAVE A  
FIVE SPOT!



GOOD DAY, OFFICER, BEAUTIFUL  
WEATHER, ISN'T IT- HERE, BUY  
YOURSELF A CIGAR- THE  
NEXT TIME I SEE MY FRIEND THE  
COMMISSIONER...



...I'LL RECOMMEND  
YOU FOR  
PROMOTION-  
GOOD  
BYE!

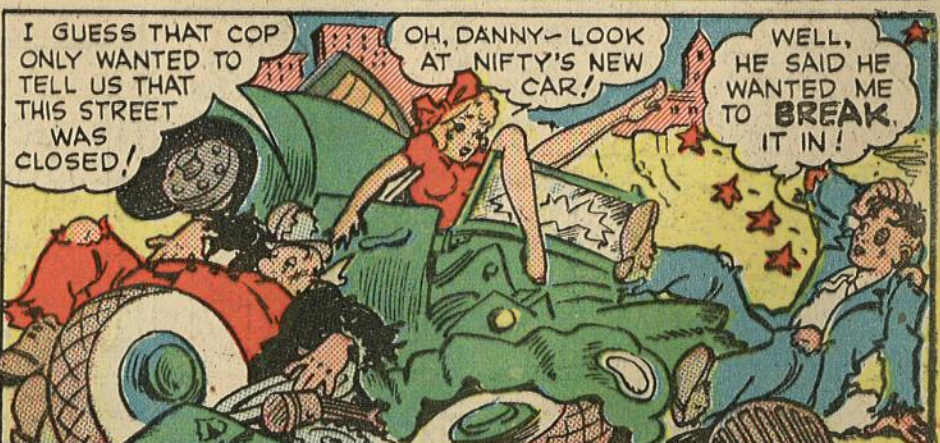


HA HA, A LITTLE  
ELOQUENCE AND A  
SLIGHT GRATUITY  
SAVED US A  
TICKET!



LOOK OUT!  
YOU'RE  
GOIN' INTA  
AN  
EXCAVATION!

EEEK!



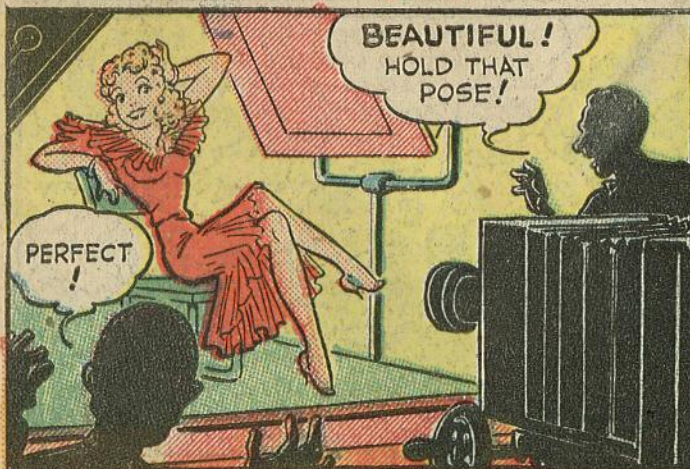
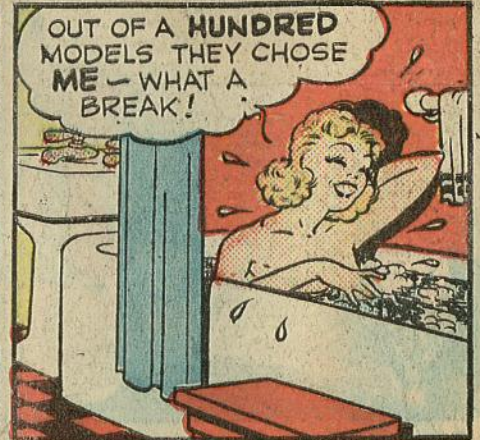
I GUESS THAT COP  
ONLY WANTED TO  
TELL US THAT  
THIS STREET  
WAS  
CLOSED!

OH, DANNY- LOOK  
AT NIFTY'S NEW  
CAR!

WELL,  
HE SAID HE  
WANTED ME  
TO **BREAK**  
IT IN!



# Molly the Model

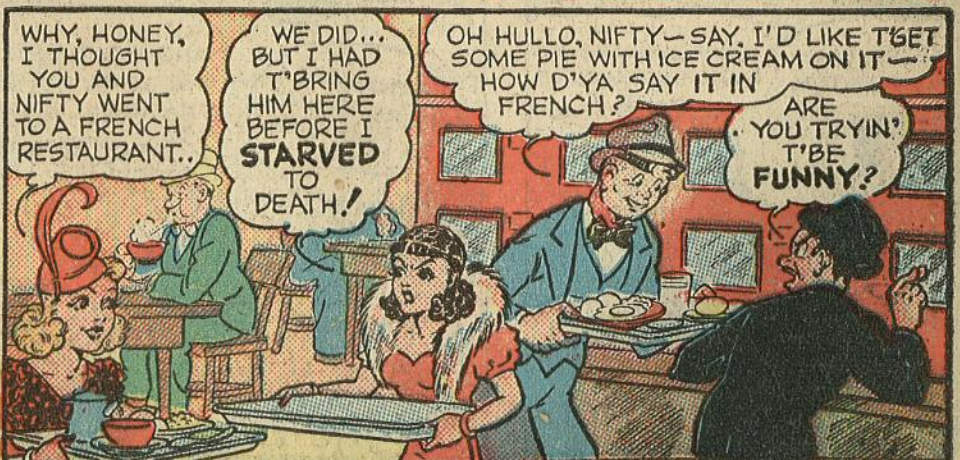


TWO WEEKS LATER





# MOLLY the by Devlin MODEL

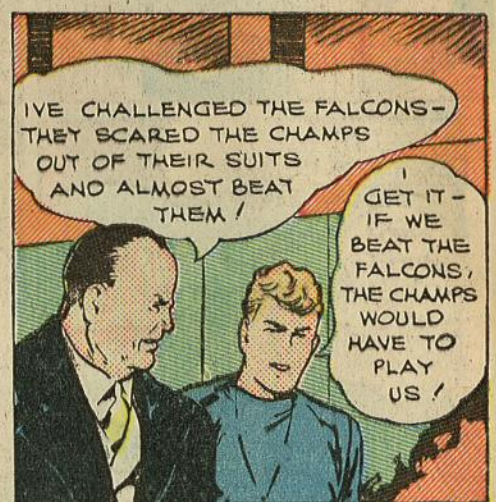


More of Molly the Model in the June issue of CRACK COMICS.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

As the bruising game against the Falcons enters its final minute—Bud Shekels puts Carter into a 31 to 30 lead after a brilliant dribble down the court and an unerring one-hand shot.

THAT'S THE BALL GAME, BUD!

But, in accordance with the new rule, the Falcons get the ball out of bounds under their own basket. They still have a chance. And there they go!

Falcon coolly snares the pass, ignores the frantic Carter guard bearing down on him and goes into the air for the shot which may mean victory.

Closely guarded by Coach Ned Brant's boys, a Falcon sees a teammate alone under the basket. He leaps and shoots a rifle-like overhand pass.

From the second the ball left the hand of that Falcon sharpshooter, every fan in the stadium knew the shot would be good. And now Carter IS in serious trouble.

Completely fooling his guard, Shekels jumps into the air and rifles a pass over the heads of the Falcons to Ned Brant.

NED BRANT!

PERSONAL FOUL—TWO SHOTS FOR CARTER!

NED MADE THE FIRST ONE!

NOW IT'S 32 TO 32! PRAY FOR THAT NEXT ONE, GAIL—IF THE CROWD WOULD ONLY KEEP STILL!

Paying no attention to either the crowd or the referee, Ned Brant bounces the ball once on the court, looks at the basket, relaxes—and shoots.

QUIET, PLEASE!

WE'VE DONE IT—WE'VE BEAT THE FALCONS!

Brant's practiced eyes told him the shot was true. He starts off the court before the ball hits the net. His teammates rush to praise him.

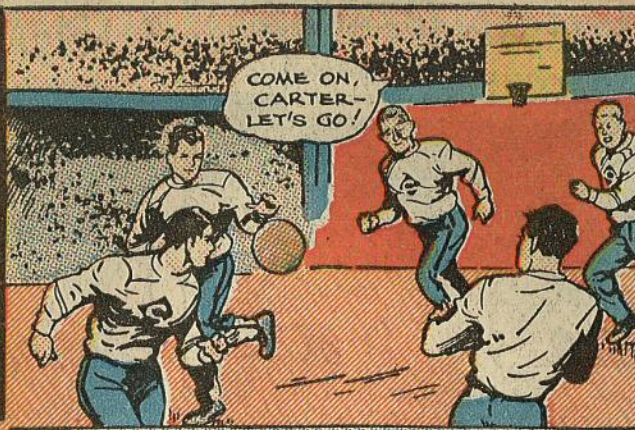
THAT LAST BASKET OF MINE—AND YOUR FREE TOSSES, OF COURSE, JUST MEAN THAT WE PLAY THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONS NEXT WEEK!

YOU SURELY SAVED THAT GAME, BUD



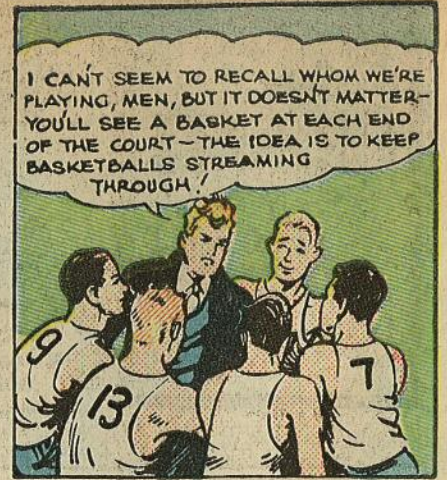
# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



COME ON, CARTER—LET'S GO!

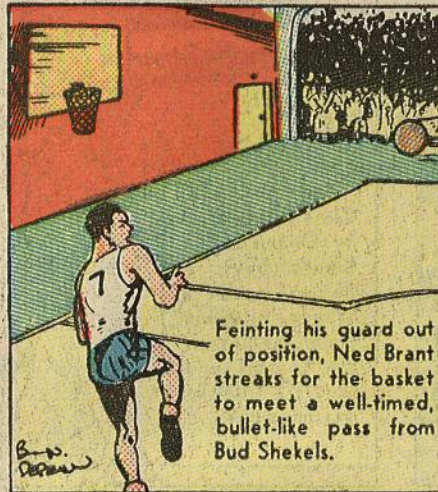
The great crowd is impatient for the start of Carter's attempt to upset the national champions.



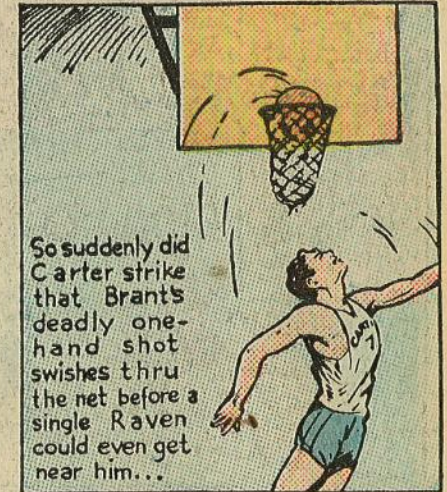
I CAN'T SEEM TO RECALL WHOM WE'RE PLAYING, MEN, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER—YOU'LL SEE A BASKET AT EACH END OF THE COURT—THE IDEA IS TO KEEP BASKETBALLS STREAMING THROUGH!



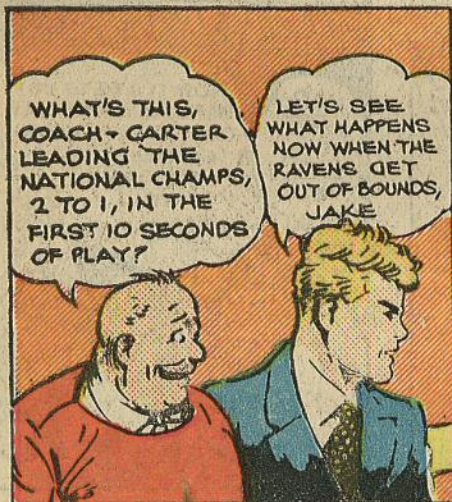
Starting like a flash of lightning, Carter gets the tipoff and swings into its famous scoring play.



Feinting his guard out of position, Ned Brant streaks for the basket to meet a well-timed, bullet-like pass from Bud Shekels.



So suddenly did Carter strike that Brant's deadly one-hand shot swishes thru the net before a single Raven could even get near him...



WHAT'S THIS, COACH—CARTER LEADING THE NATIONAL CHAMPS, 2 TO 1, IN THE FIRST 10 SECONDS OF PLAY?

LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS NOW WHEN THE RAVENS GET OUT OF BOUNDS, JAKE



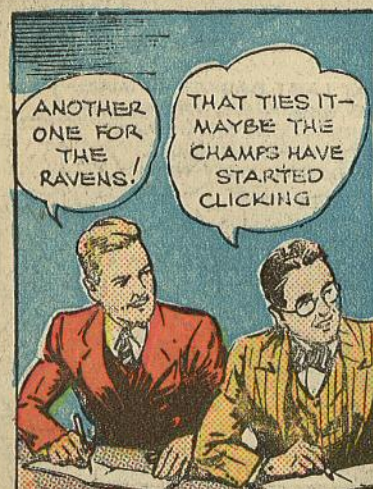
NED SCORES AGAIN! DID YOU SEE HIM INTERCEPT THAT RAVEN PASS AND SHOOT FROM THE SIDELINE?

NICE PIECE OF WORK, BUT THE GAME HAS JUST STARTED



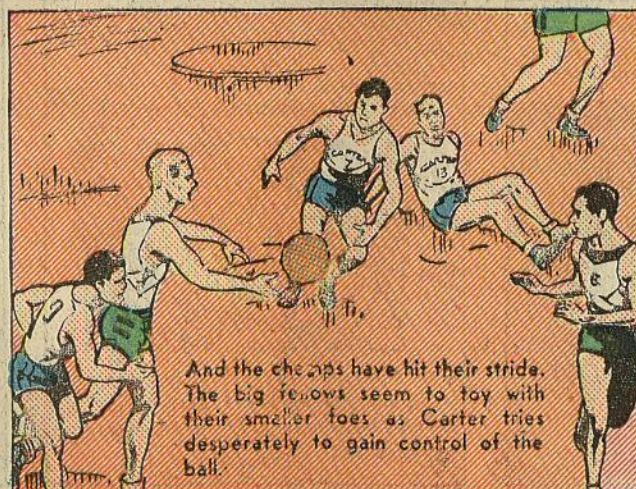
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO FROM HERE, GANG!

The crowd's wild cheering stops suddenly as a Raven marksman clinches an amazing shot from far out.



ANOTHER ONE FOR THE RAVENS!

THAT TIES IT—MAYBE THE CHAMPS HAVE STARTED CLICKING



And the champs have hit their stride. The big fellows seem to toy with their smaller foes as Carter tries desperately to gain control of the ball.



PLEASE, DAD—MAYBE WE'LL BRING LUCK TO THE TEAM—

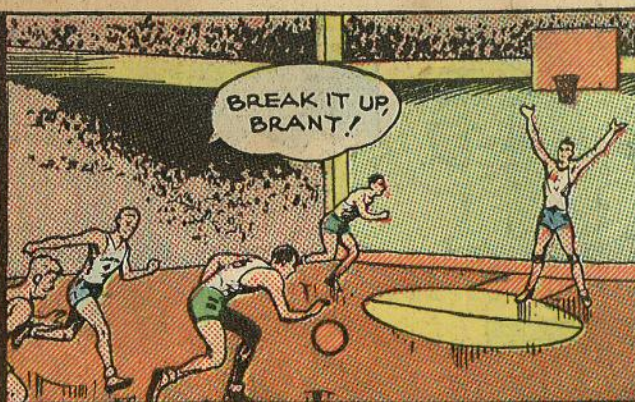
VERY WELL, CAIL—THE FIRST HALF IS ALMOST OVER.

"THE RAVENS NOW LEAD 15 TO 9, IN THE CLOSING SECONDS OF THE FIRST HALF—"



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



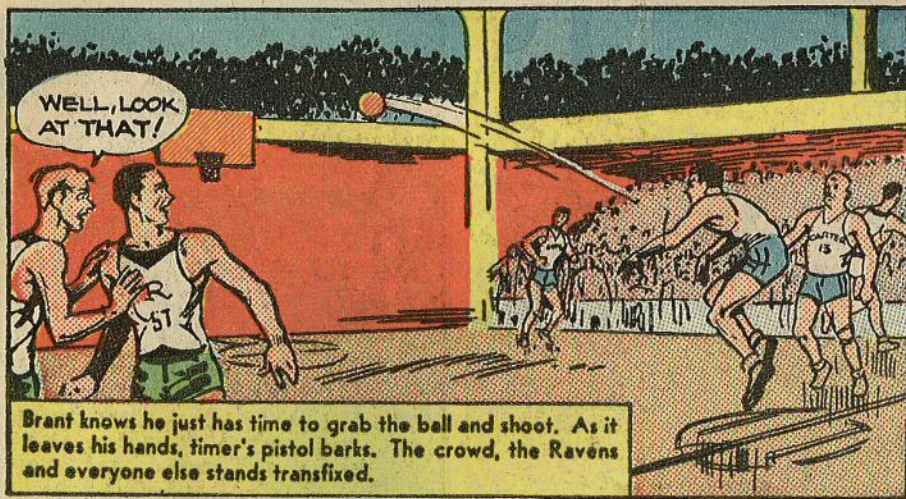
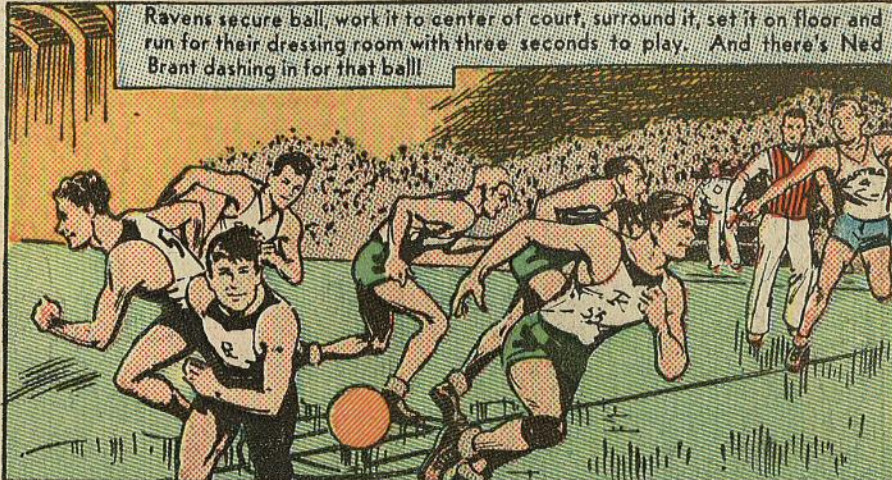
Carter 35, Ravens' national champions, 34. Ten seconds to play. Ravens get ball, streak for basket. Crack shot in clear. Ned Brant only Carter man who might break up play.



Ravens call time out immediately and plan grandstand finish.



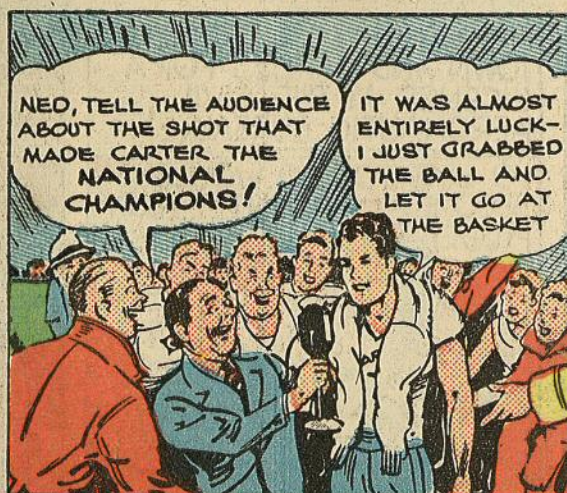
Ravens secure ball, work it to center of court, surround it, set it on floor and run for their dressing room with three seconds to play. And there's Ned Brant dashing in for that ball!



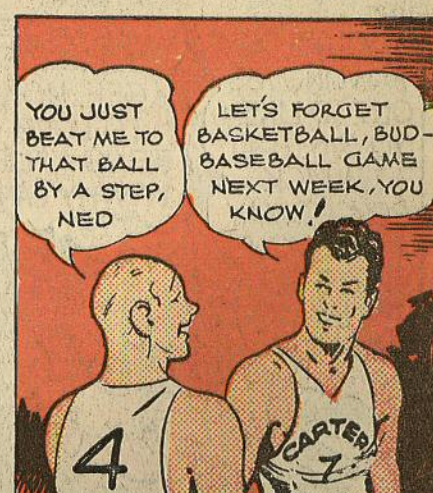
Brant knows he just has time to grab the ball and shoot. As it leaves his hands, timer's pistol barks. The crowd, the Ravens and everyone else stands transfixed.



Then the great crowd breaks into a deafening roar as Brant's unerring shot drops through the exact center of the hoop for a 37-36 Carter victory!



IT WAS ALMOST ENTIRELY LUCK—I JUST GRABBED THE BALL AND LET IT GO AT THE BASKET



YOU JUST BEAT ME TO THAT BALL BY A STEP, NED

LET'S FORGET BASKETBALL, BUD—BASEBALL GAME NEXT WEEK, YOU KNOW!

Ned Brant is continued in the June issue of CRACK COMICS.

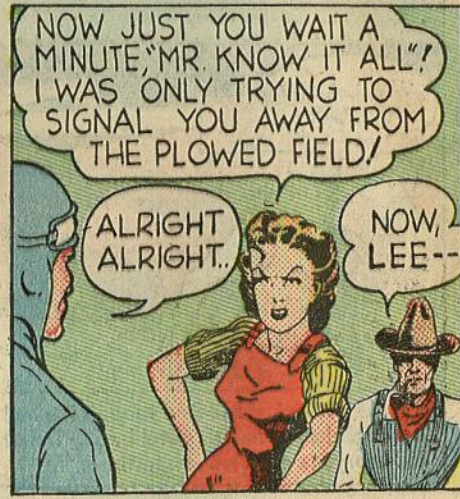


# Lee Preston

OF THE

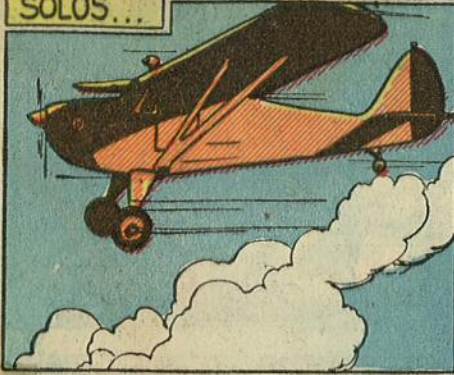
# RED CROSS

BY TERENCE MACAULLY

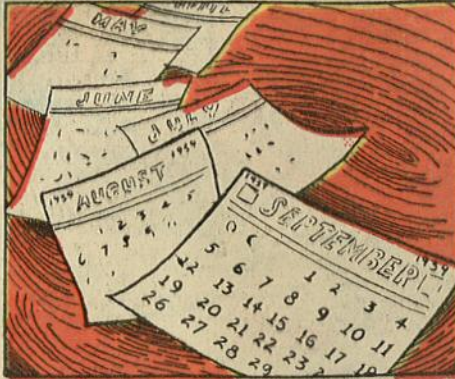




EVERY DAY LEE STUDIES INDUSTRIOUSLY...PILOTING ALL MAKES OF PLANES, FINALLY SHE SOLOS...



MONTHS PASS..SHE GAINS MORE EXPERIENCE..AND ONE DAY RECEIVES HER TRANSPORT LICENSE.



A MONTH LATER, IN THE CITY...

EXTRY! EXTRY! SIX PEOPLE DIE AT SUMMER RESORT!



AT RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS

THREE OF THOSE PEOPLE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED IF THEY HAD BEEN RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL QUICKLY!



I KNOW YOU GOT THERE AS FAST AS YOU COULD - WHICH WASN'T FAST ENOUGH! I TELL YOU, WILLIAMS, THE ANSWER IS A FAST PLANE, READY TO MEET ANY EMERGENCY!



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

OF COURSE HE IS - WE'LL GET ONE AT ONCE! WHAT WE NEED NOW IS SOMEONE TO FLY IT!



HERE I AM! I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR CONVERSATION AND I WOULD LIKE TO APPLY FOR THE JOB!

A GIRL?



SURE, WHY NOT? I'VE A TRANSPORT LICENSE, I'M OF AGE, AND I WOULDN'T TAKE UP MUCH ROOM - AND I NEED THE JOB!

HA! HA! ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY, WE'LL GIVE YOU A TRY!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AS LEE LOOKS AT HER PLANE A DOCTOR RUSHES UP...

QUICK, MISS PRESTON - THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IS FLOODED - WE MUST GET THERE IN A HURRY!



WE SHALL BE THERE BY NINE O'CLOCK!

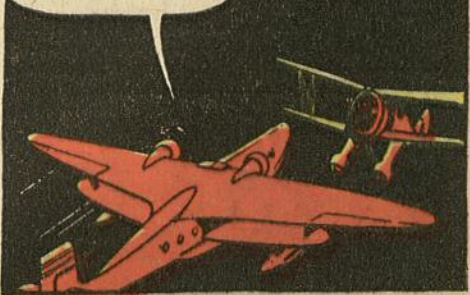


WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE FOG ROARS AN ARMY PLANE...

MISS PRESTON! LOOK, ANOTHER PLANE!! WE'LL CRASH!





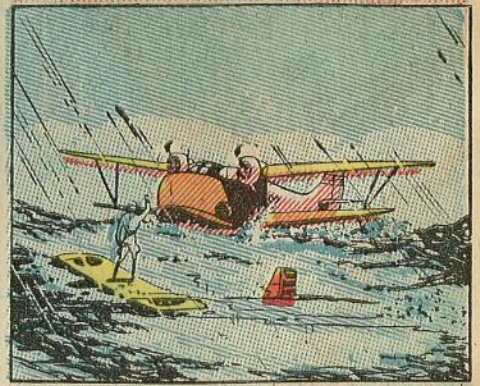
AT THAT MOMENT A BOLT OF LIGHTNING HITS THE ARMY PLANE.



HE'S CRASHED!! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



LANDING IN THE TURBULENT WATER, LEE GLIDES HER SHIP UP TO THE ARMY MAN.....



WHAT! YOU??

WELL, LIEUTENANT RICK ROYCE!! STILL LANDING IN WRONG PLACES, EH?



LOOK, LEE, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE OVER THERE!

THEY'RE SENDING A BOAT OUT TO MEET US!



WE'RE FROM THE RED CROSS!

GOOD! WE NEED A DOCTOR!



THERE'S A FAMILY DOWN THE RIVER ABOUT TWENTY MILES-WE CAN'T REACH 'EM IN TIME BY BOAT, YOU'D BETTER GO AFTER 'EM!



THAT SOUNDS LIKE THAT MEAN OLD JEFF DICKER'S FARM... I KNOW IT WELL BECAUSE MY HOME USED TO BE NEAR THERE!



AT JEFF DICKER'S PLACE

LISTEN, PAW, AN AIRYPLANE!

DURN EM! IF THEY EXPECT ME TO GO IN IT THEY'S CRAZY!



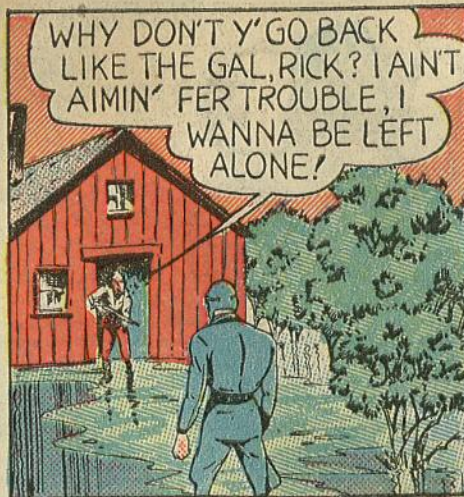
FROM HERE I KIN TELL ONE OF 'EM IS THET FRESH YOUNG AVIATOR KID OF DOC ROYCE'S FROM UP TH' WAY... YEP.. RICK ROYCE!



I AIN'T A-FOOLIN', ROYCE- I AIN'T FLYIN' IN ONE O' THIM CONTRACTIONS, AN' Y' CAIN'T MAKE ME!










# RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

**LOVE BIRDS' BRAIN TEST**

IF A YOUNG MAN'S GIRL HAS \$50,000,000 SHOULD HE LET THAT PREVENT HIM FROM MARRYING HER?

IF A MAN MARRIES A GIRL WHO CAN'T COOK WHY CAN'T HE BUY A LUNCH ROOM AND LET HER BE CASHIER?



**SPECIAL STEERING WHEEL FOR SWEETHEARTS..**

**OUR SPECIAL INVENTION OR AN EASY WAY TO CURE A MONEY CHISLER.....**

WHEN CHISLER ASKS FOR MONEY YOU PUT HAND IN POCKET CAUSING ROD 'A' TO LOWER BEE 'B' WHICH STINGS MULE 'C' .... MULE KICKS STATUE 'D' WHICH FALLS ON PLATFORM 'E' CAUSING STRING 'F' TO DROP POPCORN 'G' OVER CANDLE 'H'... AS CORN POPS IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW AND AS MIDGET RAISES UMBRELLA HE DUMPS BRICKS ON CHISLER....



**"LITTLE BUTCH"**

EXTREME NATIONALIZATION IS NOT COMPATIBLE WITH A GENEALOGICAL AMBIGUITY OF THE ANTE-DILUVIAN ENIGMA....



OH! I'VE BEEN WALKING THIS BABY ALL NIGHT! OH DEAR!



HMM... I MUST HELP THAT POOR MAN!!

**NIBBSY**



I'LL BUY THAT BIG ONE!!




THERE! NIBBSY, THAT'S ME!



**CRACKPOT COLLEGE**

GOSH!! AND I EXPECTED PLAIN POTASSIUM CHLORIDE!



B-BUT PRINCE ALEXIS... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BLAME IT ON WILBUR



**TWISTED TALE**

MARJORIE DAISY WHIMPLE DE BASS, WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHER KIDS IN HER CLASS....



WHILE ANNA SMYTHE HAD A TUTOR (NO LESS)... TO MAKE HER DIFFERENT WE WOULD GUESS....



BUT MARJORIE NOW IS APART FROM THE MASSES.... AND ALL THE FOLKS TURN AND STARE AS SHE PASSES..



WHILE ANNA SMYTHE LIKE THE REST OF HER FRIENDS... AS A PLAIN CHORUS DANCER SHE WHIRLS AND BENDS!

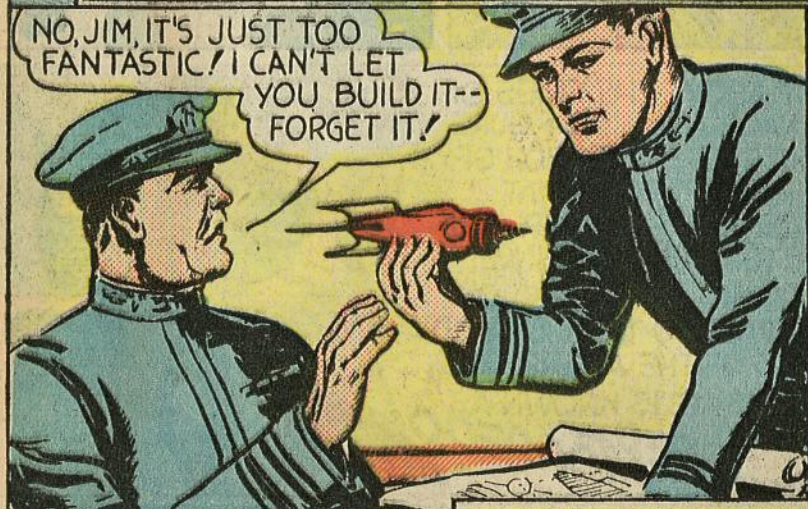
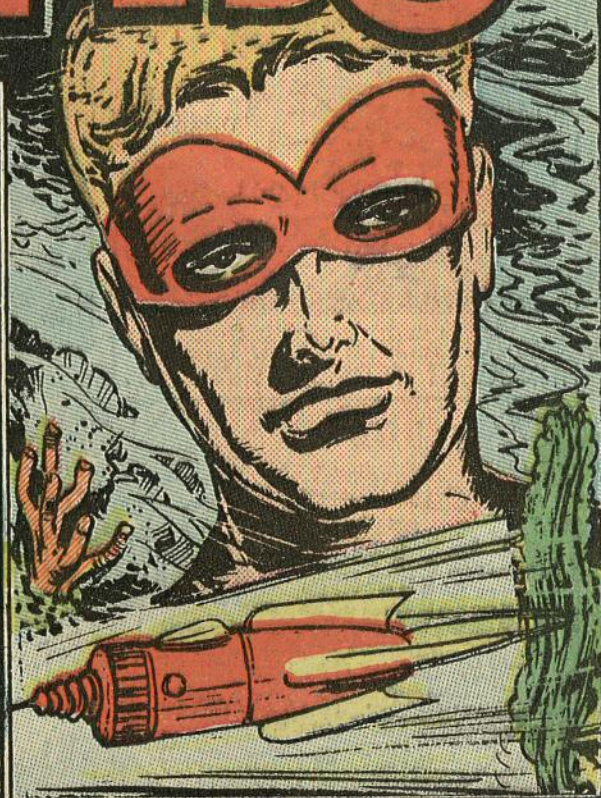




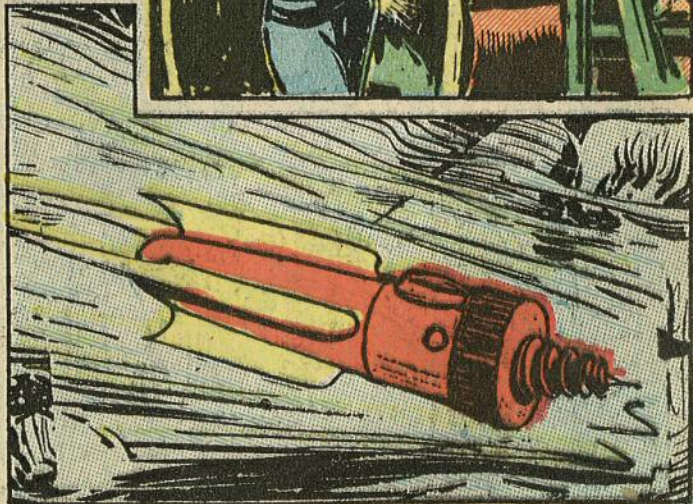
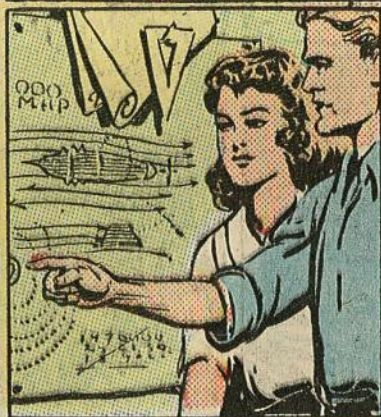
# THE RED TORPEDO

By DREW ALLEN

JIM LOCKHART, U.S. NAVY, INVENTS A TORPEDO THAT A MAN CAN NAVIGATE..BUT HIS SUPERIOR, CAPTAIN WELLS, REFUSES TO TAKE IT SERIOUSLY.



JIM, NOW A PRIVATE CITIZEN, AIDED BY MEG, HIS FIANCEE GOES TO WORK IN HIS SECRET WORKSHOP ON A REMOTE COVE....

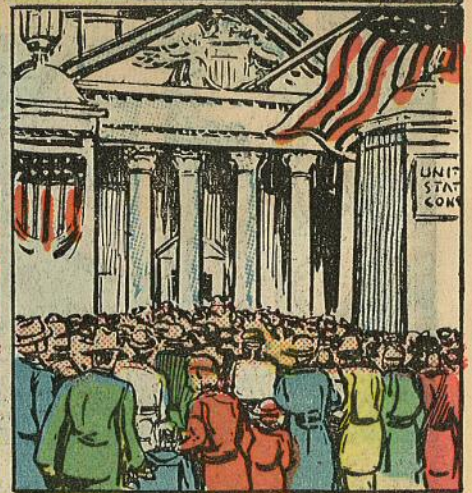




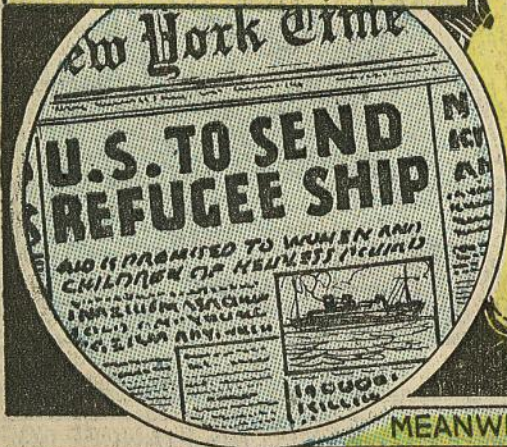
AT THIS TIME ALL THE WORLD, BUT AMERICA, IS IN THE GRIP OF WAR!!



THE HELPLESS SWAMP THE U.S. CONSULS



AMERICA DECIDES TO AID THESE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF TRAGEDY..



BUT ABOVE THE CRIES OF CARNAGE, A DASHING FIGURE AROUSES THE ATTENTION OF MANKIND, APPEARING AT MOMENTS OF DANGER AND DISASTER, DISAPPEARING AGAIN IN A RED TORPEDO-LIKE CRAFT, TO THE DISMAYED NAVIES OF THE AGGRESSOR NATIONS HE IS KNOWN AS... THE **RED TORPEDO!**



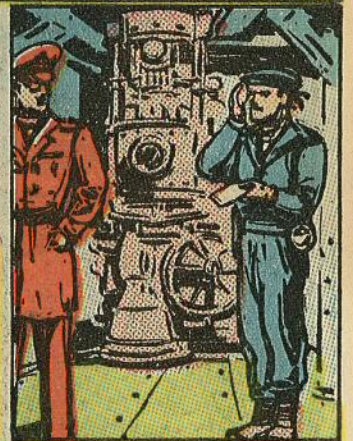
MEANWHILE..IN THE CHANCELLERY OF A RUTHLESS POWER.....



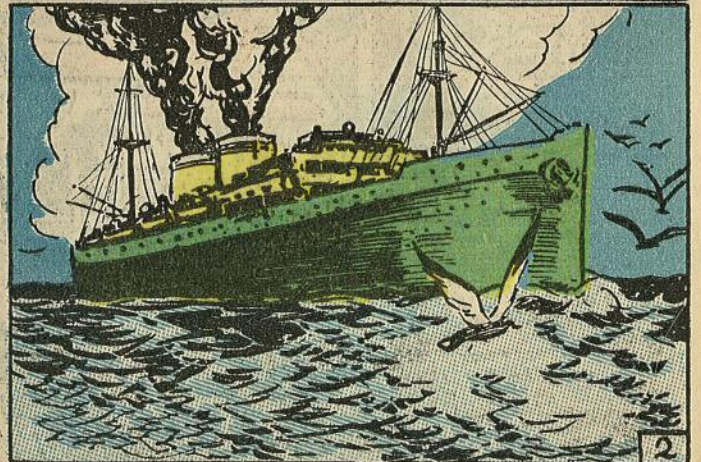
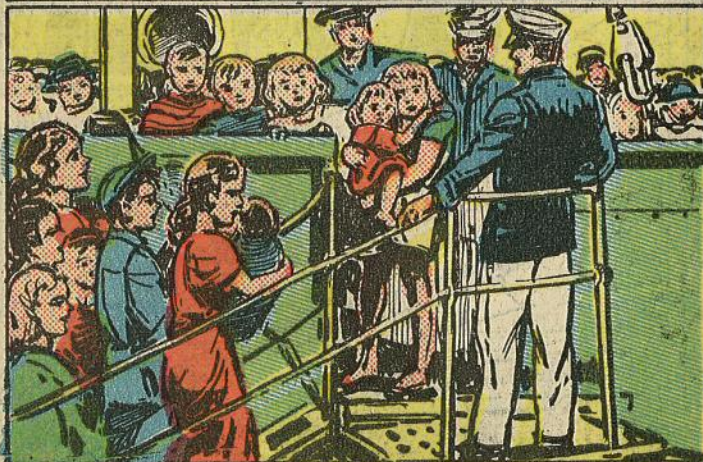
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO PROVOKE AMERICA! WE WILL SINK THAT SHIP - THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGHT!



SEND THIS TO THE CAPTAIN OF U-079 AT ONCE!



THE REFUGEE SHIP TAKES ON ITS COMPANY OF 5,000 CHILDREN AND SAILS FOR HOME...

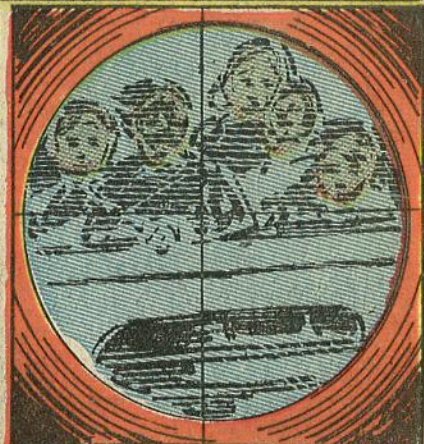




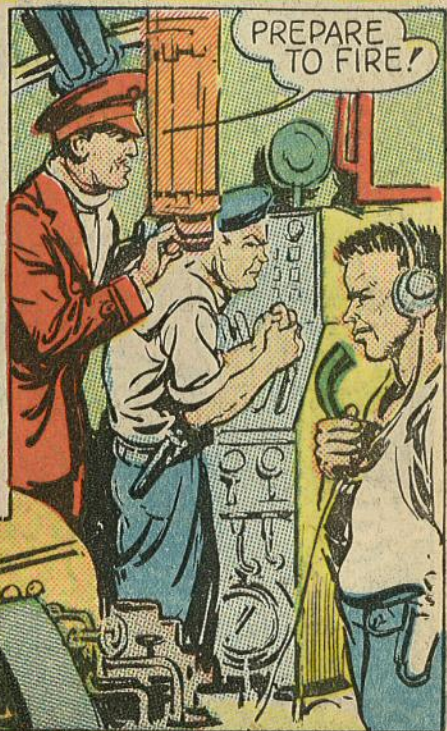
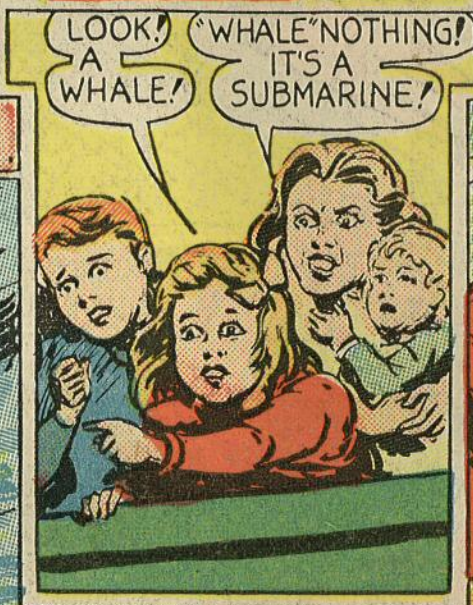
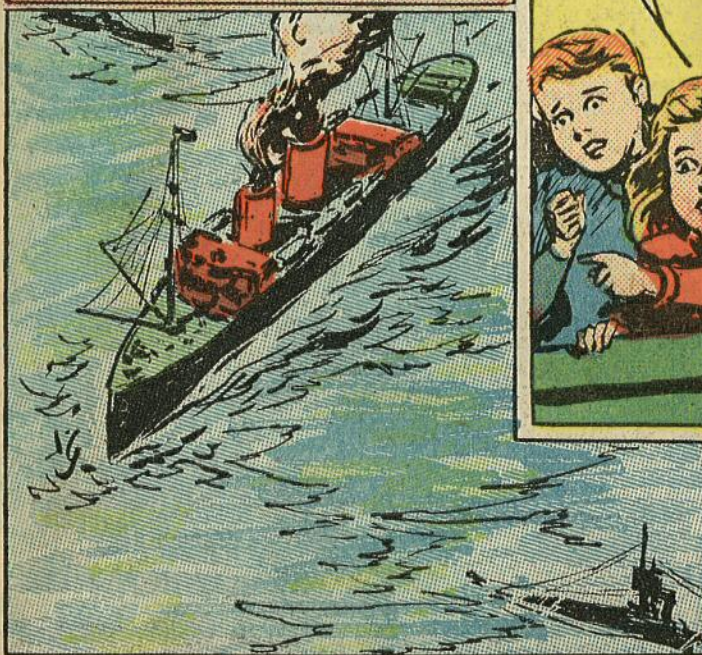
THE RED TORPEDO CRUISING ABOUT NEAR THE DANGER ZONE DRAWS NEAR...



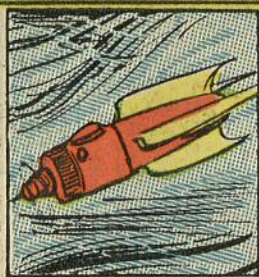
IN HIS MARINOGRAPH HE SEES THE HELPLESS VICTIMS....



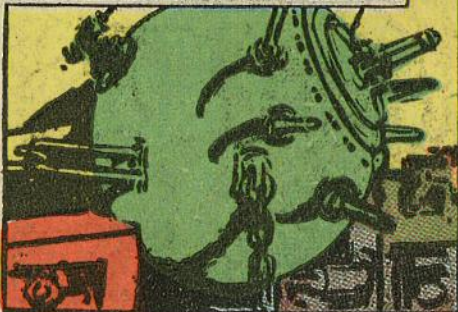
OTHER SINISTER EYES HAVE SEEN THE SHIP....TWO SUBS NEAR IT...



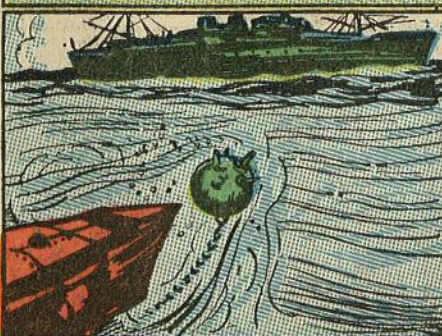
UNAWARE OF THE RED TORPEDO, THE SUBS PLAN A DOUBLE ATTACK ON THE BIG SHIP..



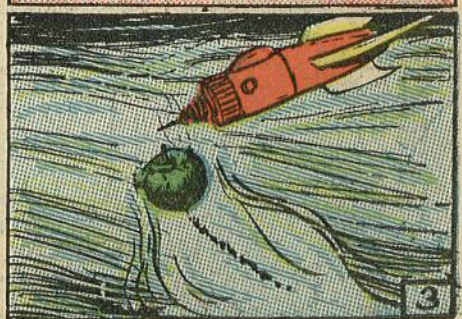
AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE RELEASES THE MINE...



...ONWARD TOWARD THE HELPLESS SHIP IT FLOATS..

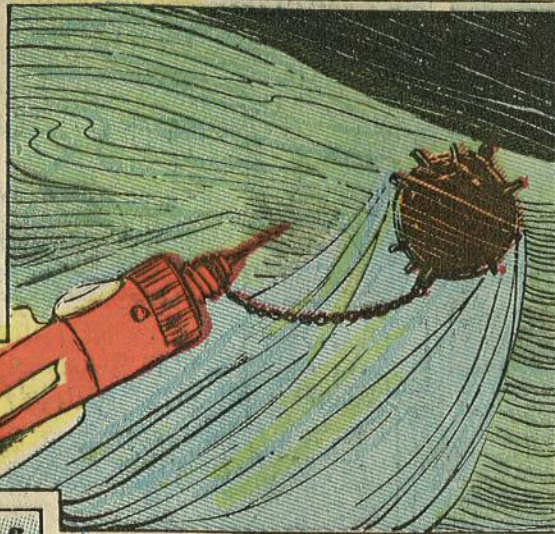
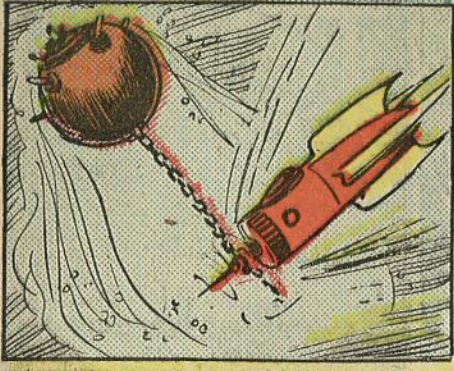


BUT THE RED TORPEDO RUNS BETWEEN IT AND ITS TARGET!



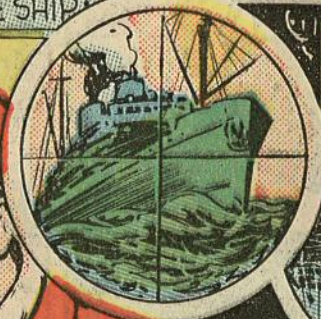


AS THE MINE IS ABOUT TO HIT THE SHIP, THE RED TORPEDO CATCHES ITS CABLE ON HIS REVOLVING PROW, SWINGS IT ABOUT IN A GREAT ARC AND DASHES IT AGAINST THE SIDE OF ITS OWN SUBMARINE . . . . .

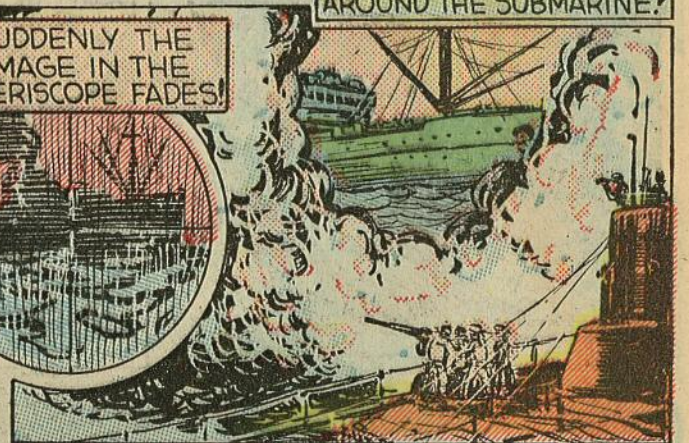


AT THAT MOMENT THE OTHER SUB SIGHTS THE RESCUE SHIP.

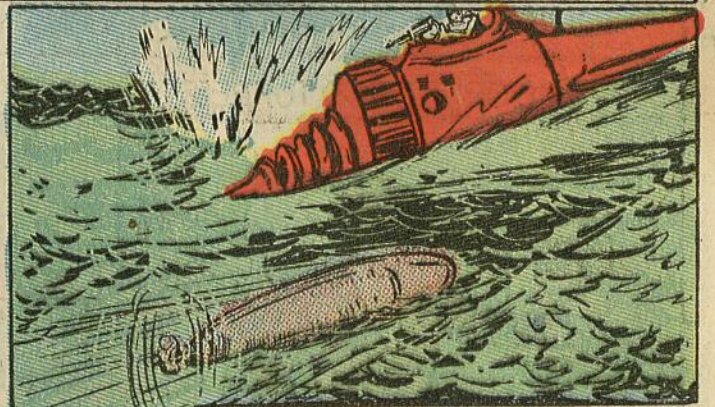
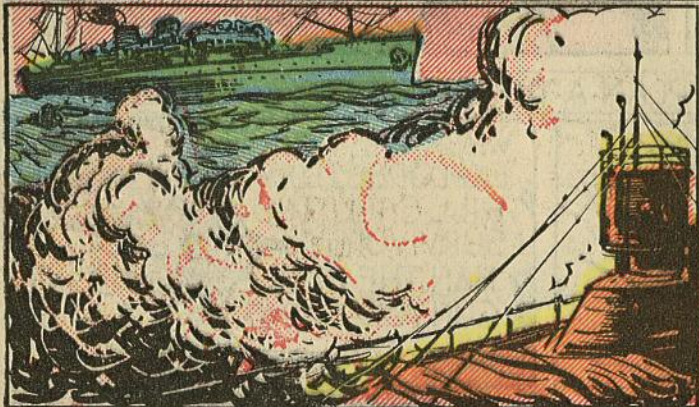
THE RED TORPEDO HAS THROWN A SMOKE SCREEN AROUND THE SUBMARINE.



SUDDENLY THE IMAGE IN THE PERISCOPE FADES!



BLINDED, UNABLE TO SHELL THE SUBMARINE, THE SUBMARINE SUBMERGES AND FIRES A TORPEDO, BUT THE RED TORPEDO DASHES ACROSS ITS PATH, MACHINE GUNS READY TO DETONATE IT. . . . .



THE AMAZED CAPTAIN OF THE REFUGEE SHIP WATCHES THE BATTLE, AGHAST.



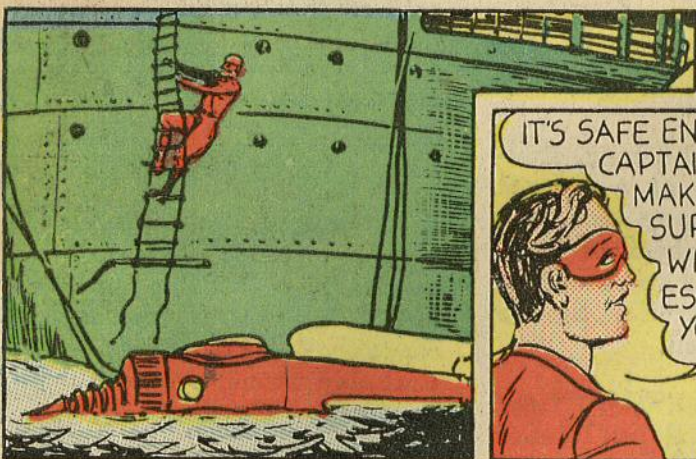
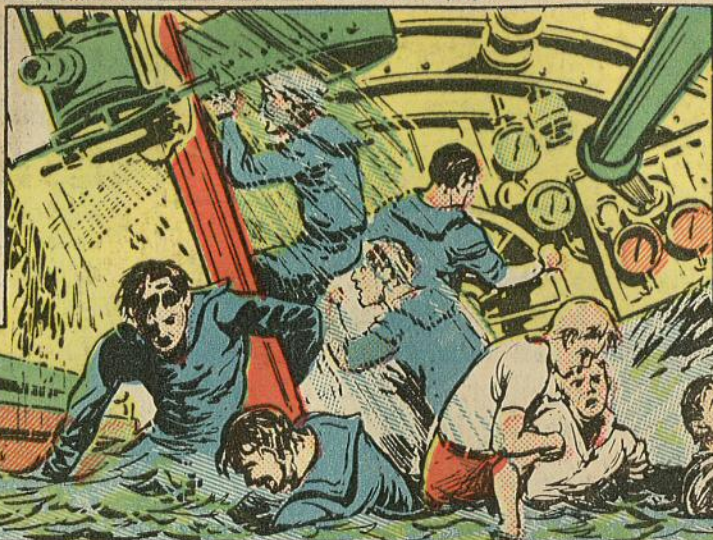
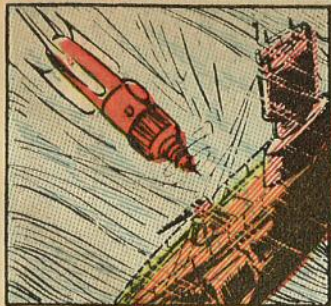
THE RED TORPEDO'S SHOT FINDS ITS MARK!



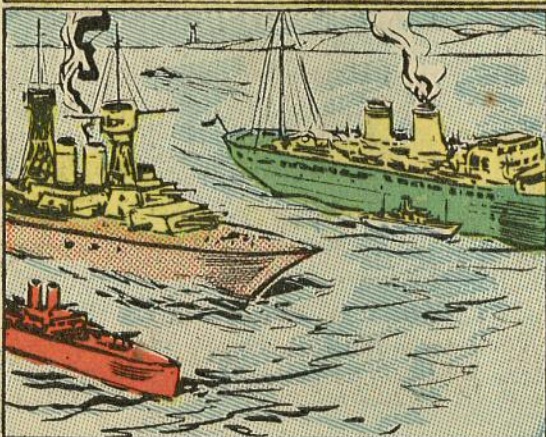
NOW, TO GET THAT OTHER SUBMARINE?



DIVING, THE RED TORPEDO CHARGES AT THE SUB., CUTTING THROUGH IT WITH ITS ROTATING HELM!

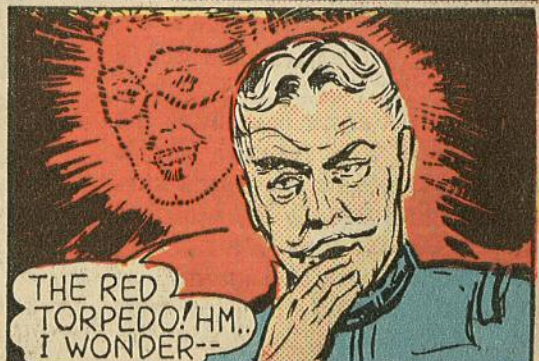


WHEN THE REFUGEE SHIP MEETS ITS CONVOY, THE RED TORPEDO VANISHES.



LATER, AT THE NAVY CLUB IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

STRANGE FELLOW- WOULDN'T TELL HIS NAME..HE SAVED OUR LIVES.. PERHAPS HE'S THE ONE KNOWN AS THE **RED TORPEDO!**



FOLLOW THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THIS ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP.



# "CORNING'S MISTAKE"

By Larry Spain

"You're through, Corning! Washed up—like I always said you'd be!"

Big Bull Belding slammed the top of his desk with a massive fist and exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke.

"I warned you to stay outa the buildin' racket," he went on, hammering his point home savagely. "I warned you to get outa Chicago. You thought I was bluffin'. Well, I wasn't!"

Big Bull narrowed his beady eyes and pointed a stubby finger at John Corning, seated across the desk.

"They's just two things you can do, Corning. Get a hundred grand to me by noon, Friday—or start slicin' six inches off that buildin'!"

Young Corning got up slowly. He was facing ruin.

"Belding," he said, "you know I can't raise half that in two days. Give me a week and—"

"You heard me!" Belding yelled. "The money—or else! I'm puttin' up the Belding Tower next door to you; I want my land."

John Corning left the office of the Belding Land Enterprises in a mental state matching his pace. He was ruined! By a crazy mistake in the city's survey, he had put up his building six inches over on the Belding property. It was the advantage old Bull wanted to wipe him out. Of course, he could lop off the six inches; it was the ribbing he knew he'd get from other contractors.

"Hello, Bates," he said as he stepped into the office of his small firm. Bates, his young architect, was bent over a drawing board.

"Hi, Jack," he replied jovially. "Say, you look like you've been run over by a tractor."

Corning smiled wearily. "Worse than that. I've just come from old Bull's office. He gives me 'til Friday to shell out—or else."

"Else what?"

"Else we start slicing six inches of brick and mortar from the north side of this shack."

"Why, the ornery old pelican!" Bates cried.

Corning pulled a long, shallow drawer out of a cabinet that contained many such, and took from it a sheaf of blueprints. He spread these out on the board and traced along one edge with a pencil.

"Six inches," he said. "How long will it take, Bates, to slice it off?"

Bates didn't answer for a long moment. Then he pounded the board jubilantly. "Listen, Jack, I've got an idea!"

Jack listened to the hair-brained scheme, demurring at first, then the humor of the thing got him.

"Okay, Bates," he said, "give Johnson the dope right now and tell him to have his crew over here in the morning."

At 8 a. m. the next day a score of workmen were engaged in ripping a slice of brick and plaster from the Corning Building. The job would require two weeks. There would be no necessity of refinishing that side of the building because Belding would put his structure up flush with it.

The summer passed. The big Belding organization worked like a pack of beavers. By October first, the last grinning gargoyle had been set into the top of the Belding Tower. It reared its imposing vastness fourteen stories, flush with the "Corning mistake", as Corning's building had come to be known, derisively.

The big day arrived. For a month Belding had been advertising the grand opening of his huge office building. There was to be a parade. Belding himself was to ride with the mayor and other city dignitaries. The entire facade of the building was decorated with banners and colored streamers. Precisely at the stroke of twelve, the parade would start. It would end at the entrance of the Belding Tower, where dedication ceremonies would be held.

At eleven o'clock John Corning, Betty Stevens, his secretary, and Bates gathered in their office to watch the proceedings. This might—yes, probably would—turn out to be a really big day!

Honking auto horns brought the trio to the windows. The parade was on! Heads popped out of windows all along the street and confetti and ticker tape showered downward. This was the stuff Belding loved! Big Shot Belding! The lionizing of the public. Acclaim!

By three in the afternoon the dedication was over and a few minutes later there was nothing left but sagging streamers and a street that looked like a small snowstorm had swept it.



"Well," said Corning, "I wonder if the bull is in his pen yet?"

Bates chuckled. "Wow, won't he be surprised when you drop in on him! I'd give—"

"Say," Betty Stevens interrupted, "what is all this mystery? All day you two have acted like a couple of kids with a secret. Let me in on it!"

Corning grinned. "All in good order, Betty. Right now I've got to get up there and let the secret out. Be seeing you!"

When Corning stepped into Belding's sumptuous new quarters, the lord and master was just ushering out a couple of important city officials. He smiled and waved a pudgy hand.

"Well, well, Corning, glad you dropped in! Ease your feet an' tell me what you think of it. Quite a day, huh?"

"Quite," Corning agreed.

Belding chuckled. "Gave the old street a bit of a surprise, eh, Corning? Yeah, wasn't a bigger parade when Mayor Standish was elected!"

"Right again," Corning observed. "And it's about a little surprise I came up here to see you."

"Wh-hunh?" Belding was all ears.

"Yeah," said Corning. "A little dedication surprise that's been prepared for you. This paper will explain it better than I can." He handed over a sketch and a document containing a lot of figures.

Belding's eyes drew together as he read. The veins began standing out on his thick neck. His face went a dull purple.

"Hey!" he yelled, bounding to his feet. "What is this? What're you up to, Corning?"

"Just what you read, Belding. It's a copy of the survey. The figures are correct. You see, Belding, you're not infallible, as you thought. The tables are somewhat turned this time—different than the last time I was up here."

Belding tried to talk, made a growling sound, and sat down hard. Then:

"It's a frame-up," he snarled. "A dirty trick. You did this purposely!"

"Perhaps," Corning said. "You'll recall that you did something that caused me to lose everything I made on the Corning Building. That little slicing deal took my last cent. I'm busted."

Old Bull glared savagely and bit his underlip.

"I came up here to make you a proposition," went on Corning. "I made a mistake once—you tried to smash me because of it, like you've smashed a lot of other small fry in this game. Well, you made the mistake this time!"

Belding wiped his thick lips. "All right," he growled. "What d'ya want?"

"A hundred thousand dollars. Just what you wanted for a measly six inches of soil."

"You're crazy!" yelled the old warrior. "You can't get away with this!"

"No?" said Corning coolly. "The District Attorney will convince you otherwise tomorrow. Better get out your check book, Belding—or start slicing six inches off that big new building—be quite a chore, fourteen stories and all." He got up. "I'll give you till Friday, noon, Belding," he added, and left.

He knew what Belding's answer would be: It would be impossible to cut a fourteen story building down six inches, from top to basement.

It had been Bates' idea, of course. Instead of having six inches sliced off their own building, he had instructed the men to take off a whole foot. Belding had put his building up flush with "Corning's mistake."

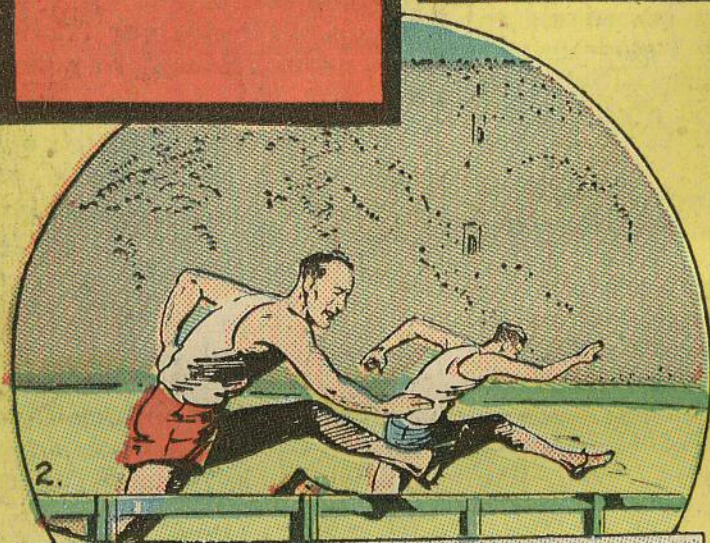
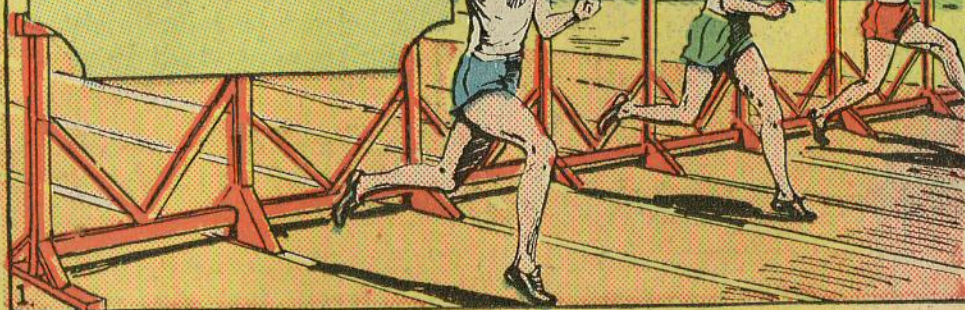




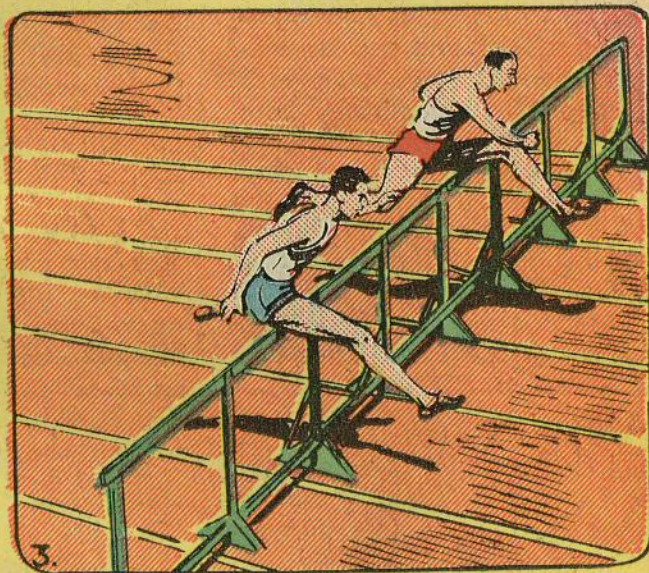
# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About That Battle of the World's Greatest Hurdlers

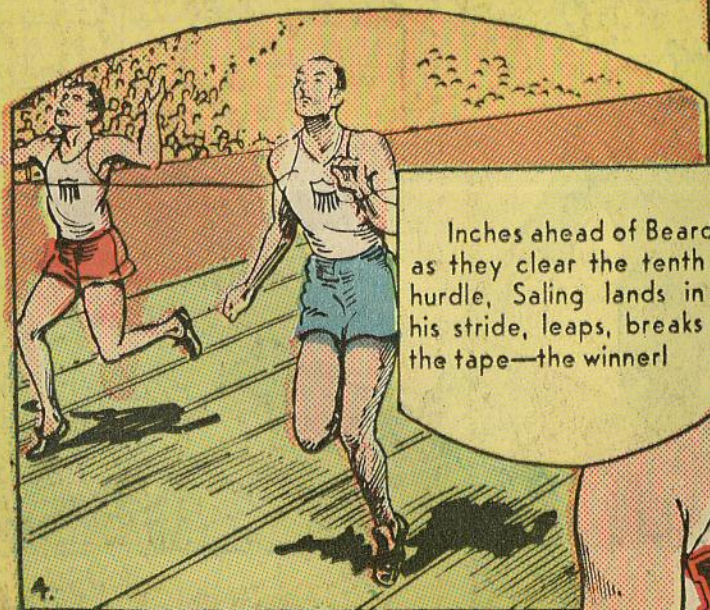
Here they come! Three flyers wearing the American Olympic shield have the race to themselves. Iowa's brilliant Saling still trails with seven of the 10 hurdles behind them.



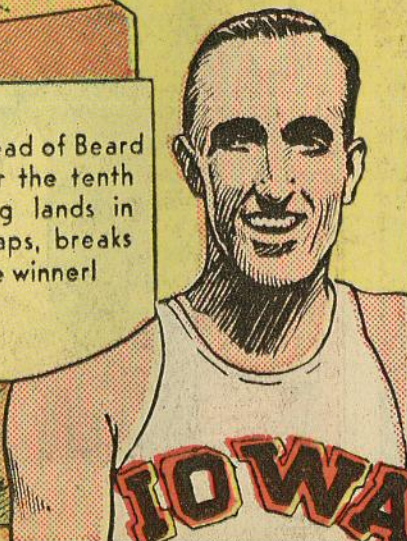
Keller's foot hits the seventh hurdle. He doesn't fall. But he falters slightly. Saling pulls abreast—goes inches ahead of him as they take the air for the eighth.



Second to Beard now and coming faster with every step—Saling's breath-taking sprint brings him even with Beard, the leader. They go over the ninth hurdle together. Keller is out of it now.

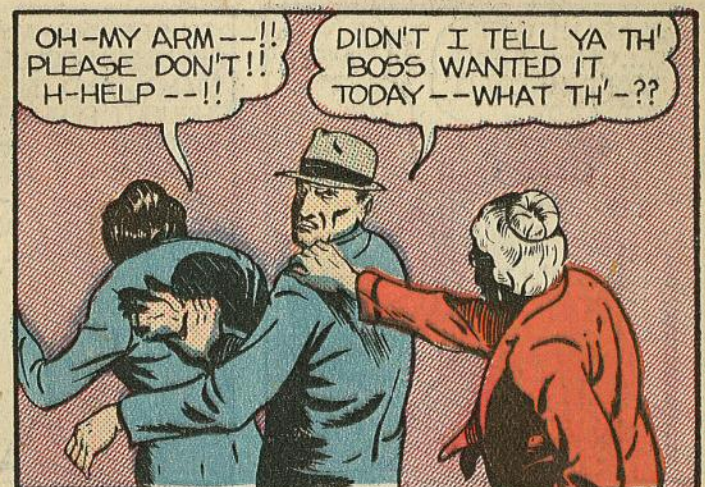
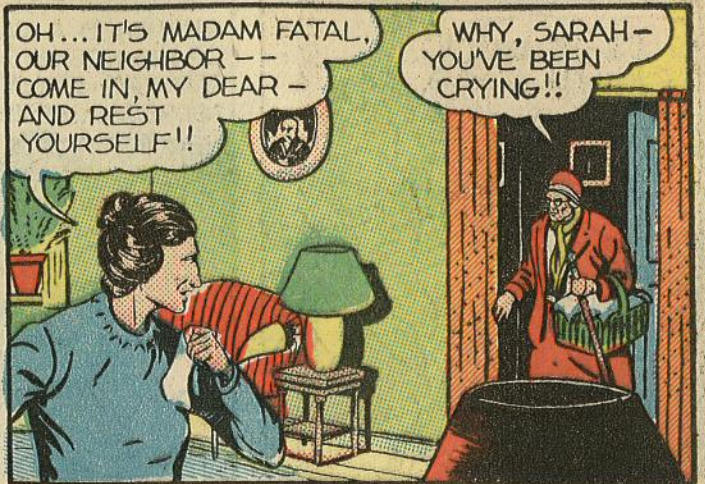
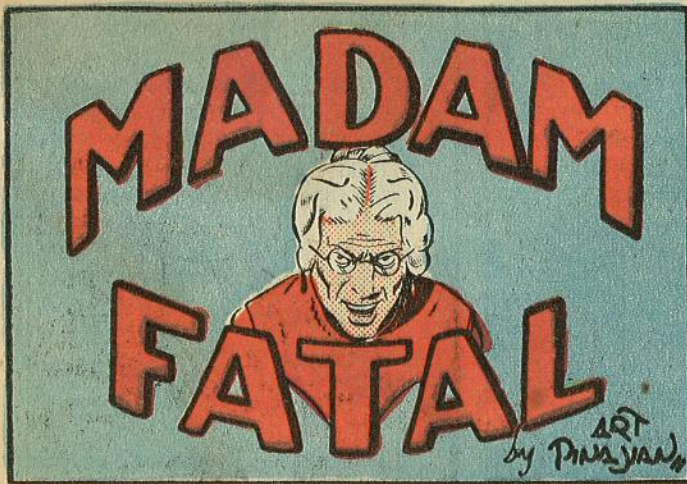


Inches ahead of Beard as they clear the tenth hurdle, Saling lands in his stride, leaps, breaks the tape—the winner!

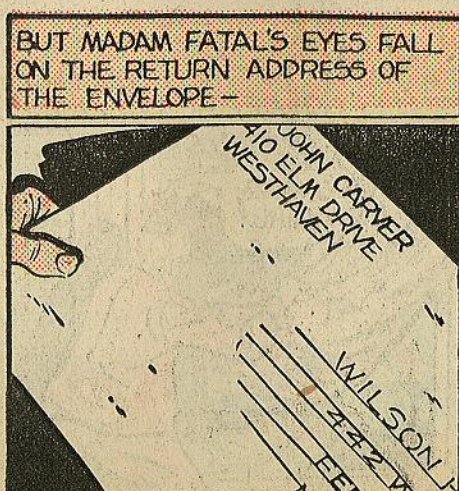
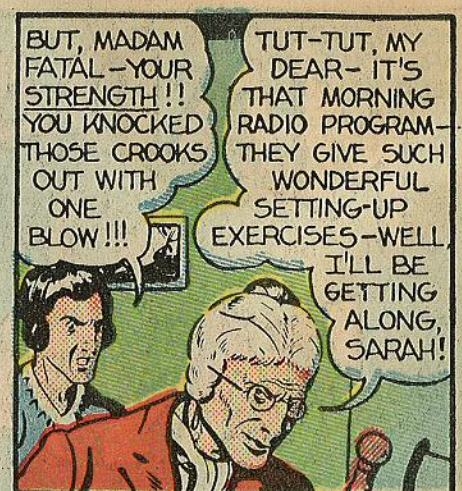
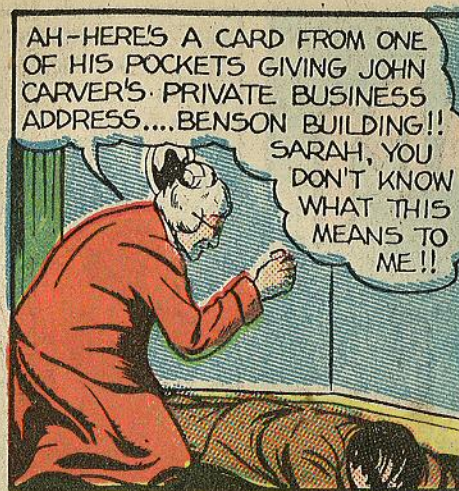


Not so long ago a fatal automobile accident brought death to this great hurdler, George Saling of Iowa university, who won that sensational race Aug. 3, 1932, at the Olympic games at Los Angeles, Cal. He tied the Olympic mark of :14.6.

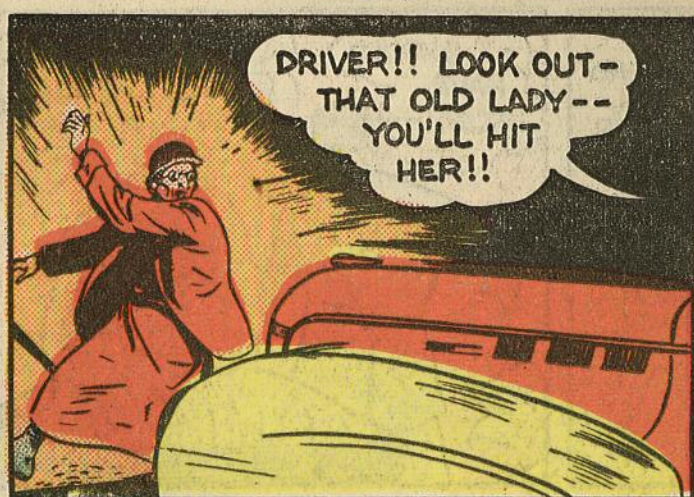
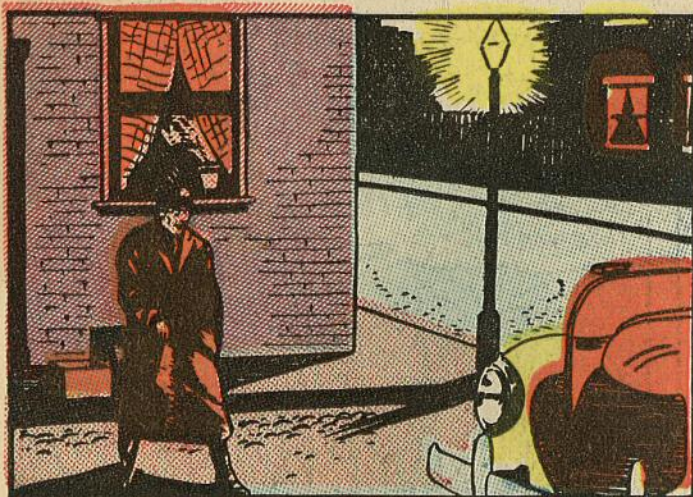
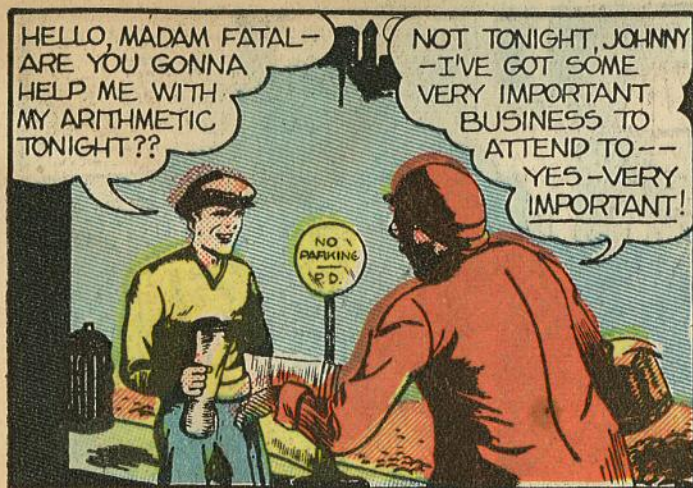




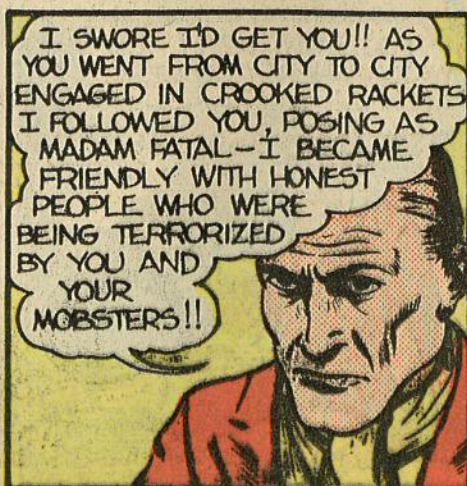
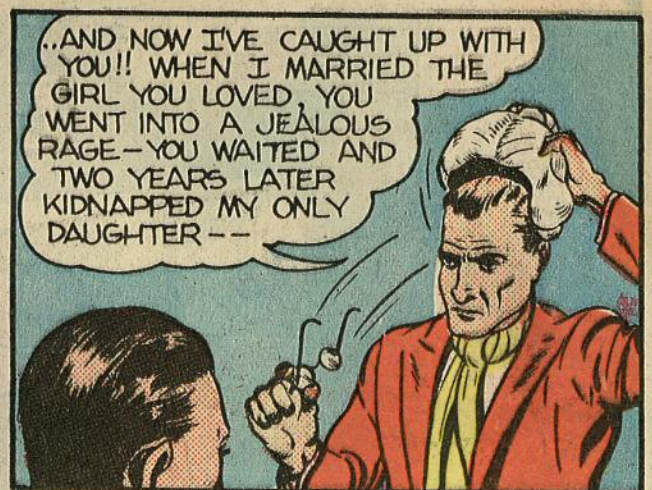
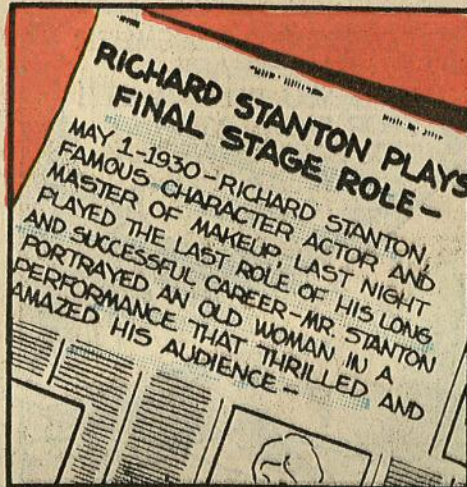




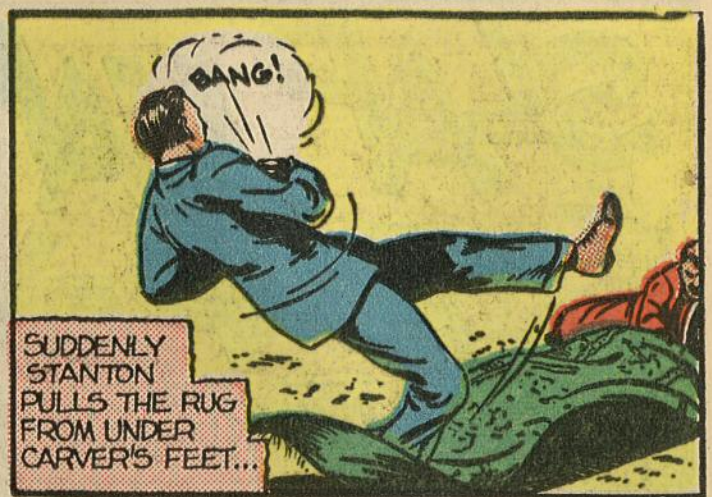












Y-YES-! SH-SHE'S ALIVE-- SHE'S....



AS MADAM FATAL ARRIVES HOME

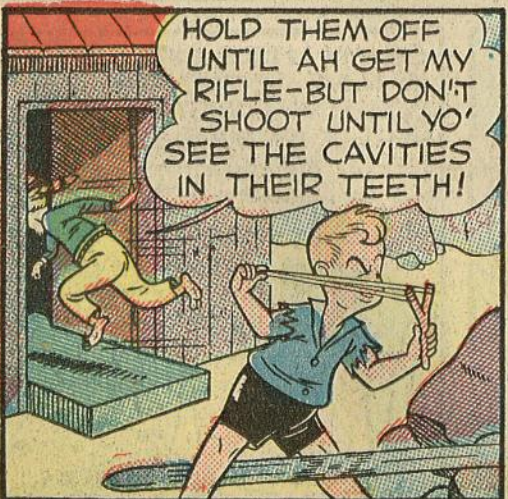
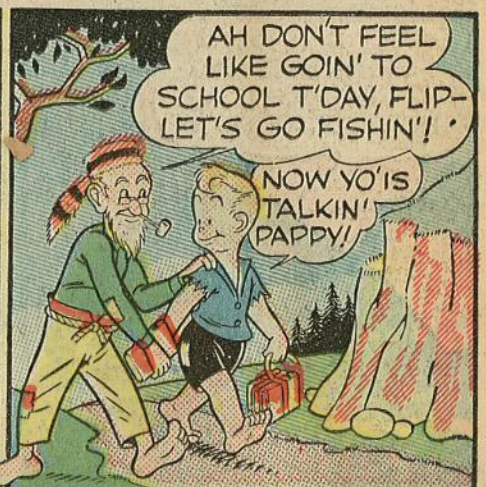




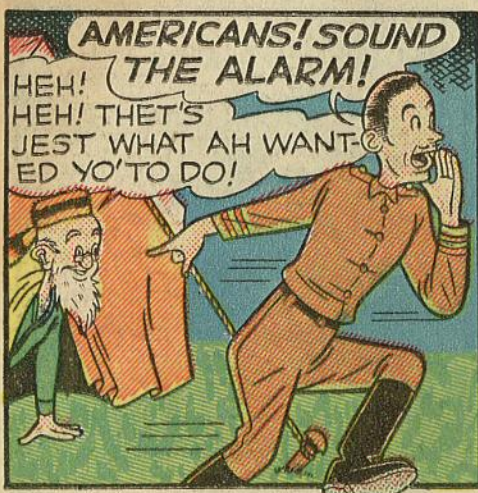
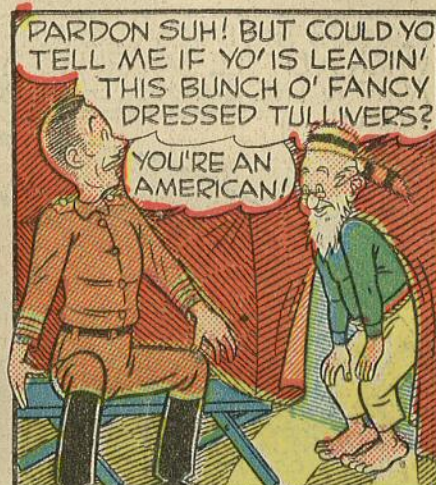
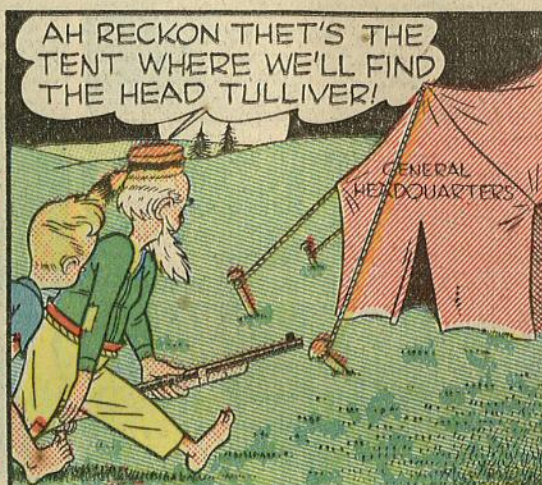
# SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

by GILL FOX-

**INVASIONS STOPPED  
FREE OF CHARGE!**









By **Kenneth  
Sewis**

The

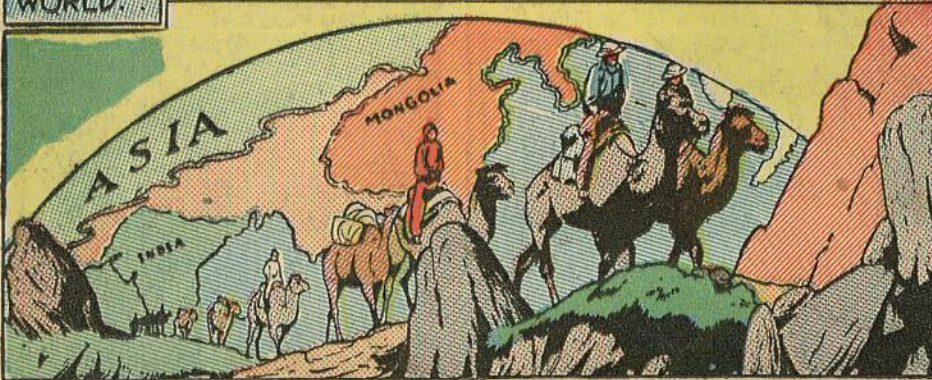
BLACK

THE MAN WHO CAN  
FLY LIKE A BIRD ..

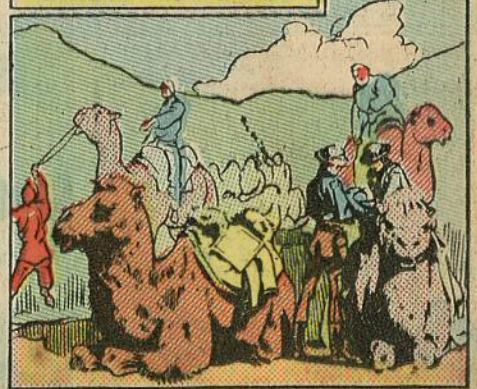
# CONDOR

FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME, MAN HAS THOUGHT OF FLIGHT...  
HISTORY RECORDS MAN'S FEEBLE ATTEMPTS THROUGH THE YEARS... WINGS OF WAX, GLIDERS AND  
NOW THE AIRPLANE... BUT CAN HE BE MASTER OF THE AIR UNTIL HE HIMSELF CAN FLY?

PERHAPS THE FATES CONSPIRED ON THAT DAY MANY YEARS AGO,  
WHEN A LITTLE SAFARI LED BY MAJOR RICHARD GREY TREKKED  
ACROSS THE BLEAK STEPPES OF OUTER MONGOLIA, ROOF OF THE  
WORLD.



AT DUSK THE EXPEDITION  
CAMPS, TO PERMIT MRS. GREY  
TO FEED HER CHILD.



LITTLE DICK LIKES  
THIS LIFE, RICHARD-  
PERHAPS HE MAY  
GROW UP AND BE  
AN ARCHAEOLOGIST  
LIKE YOURSELF!

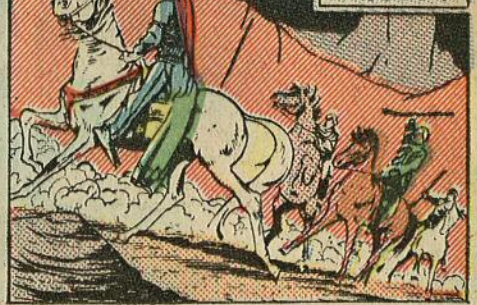
AYE, AN'  
A HUSKY  
LAD HE  
IS TOO!



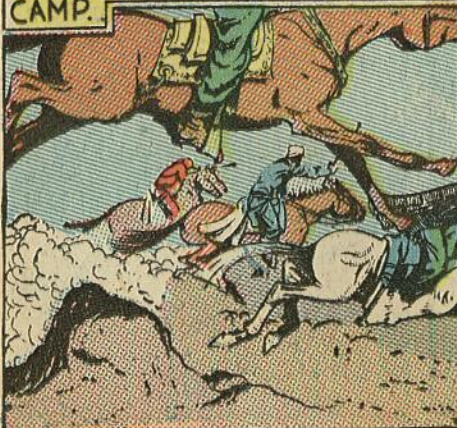
AS DARKNESS DESCENDS,  
A HORSEMAN PEERS  
DOWN UPON THE  
CAMP FROM A  
HIGH HILL....



A MOMENT LATER A WEIRD  
CALL ECHOES ACROSS THE  
VALLEY--HORSEMEN  
POUR DOWN THE  
MOUNTAIN  
PASSES!!



IN A THUNDER OF HOOFS, THE  
RAIDERS DESCEND UPON THE  
CAMP.



GREY IS QUICK TO ACT...

TAKE COVER! YAKKI  
RAIDERS! FIRE AT  
WILL!



BUT THE TIDE OF ANGRY  
RIDERS IS NOT TO BE  
STEMMED..





REALIZING THEIR PLIGHT, MRS. GREY HIDES HER BABY BEHIND SOME ROCKS..



SECONDS LATER TRIBESMEN BREAK THROUGH, MASSACRING AND PILLAGING.



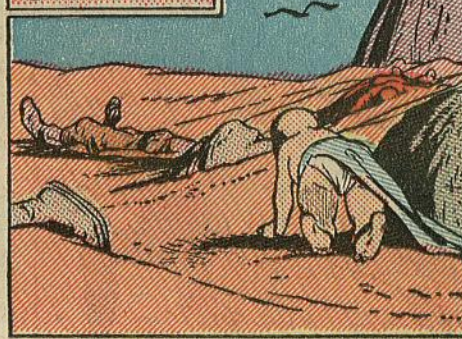
BRING THE WHITE LEADER TO ME..KILL ALL...LEAVE NO WOUNDED!



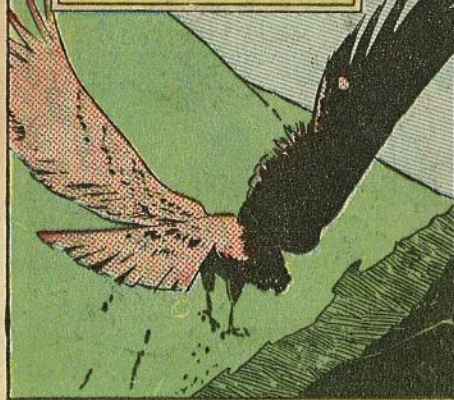
WITH SAVAGE THOROUGHNESS, THE SURVIVORS ARE KILLED TO THE LAST MAN.



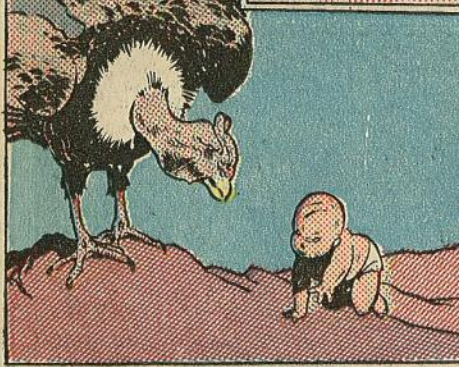
AT LAST, LIKE A PASSING STORM, THE RAIDERS LEAVE. ONLY THE LITTLE CHILD AND A LONE CONDOR TO SURVEY THE GRIM SCENE!



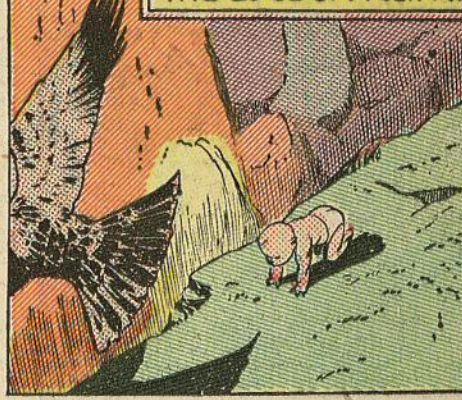
THE CONDOR CIRCLES LOWER... ITS HUGE WINGS DARKENING THE GROUND BELOW.



IT LANDS BEFORE THE BABY, A STRANGE GLEAM IN ITS BEADY EYES AS IT VIEWS THE TINY TOT..



THE CHILD PAYS NO HEED, BUT CONTINUES TOWARD THE EDGE OF A CLIFF..



AT THE VERY EDGE THE BIRD CIRCLES PROTECTINGLY, AS IT INSTINCTIVELY CALLS A WARNING..STILL THE CHILD CONTINUES..



... THE HUGE BIRD SWOOPS AND GATHERS UP THE CHILD..



AND CARRIES IT TO ITS NEST..

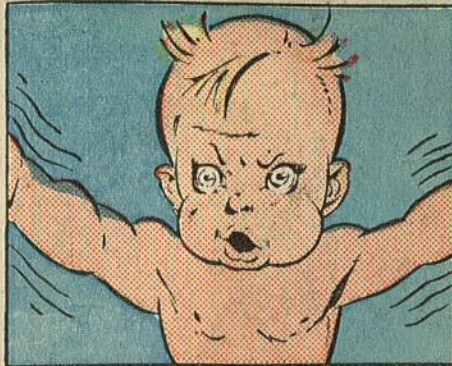




DAYS PASS..THE CONDOR GETS FOOD FOR ITS ADOPTED CHILD WHO GROWS AS SPEEDILY AS HER OWN.



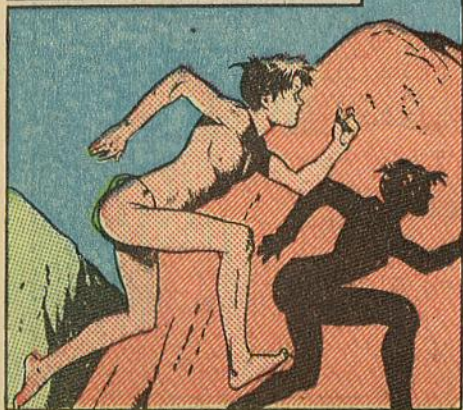
SOON THE LITTLE CONDORS TRY THEIR WINGS--BUT THE CHILD OF THE EARTH MUST STAY-HE CANNOT FLY.....



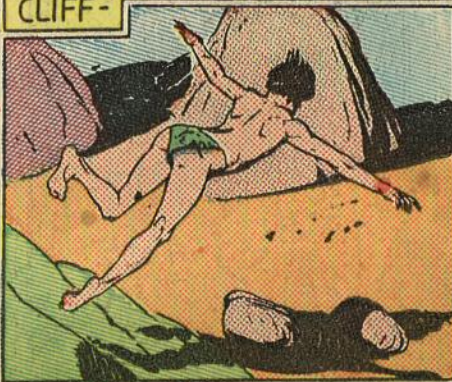
AS MONTHS PASS INTO YEARS, THE CHILD OF MAJOR GREY GROWS INTO STURDY BOYHOOD ATOP THE LOFTY CRAGS... HERE, WITH THE CONDORS AS HIS ONLY COMPANIONS, HE SOON LEARNS THEIR WAYS...



STILL, WITHIN HIM, IS A YEARNING TO FLY...



ONCE, IN A WILD ATTEMPT TO IMITATE HIS FEATHERED BRETHREN, HE LEAPS FROM A CLIFF-



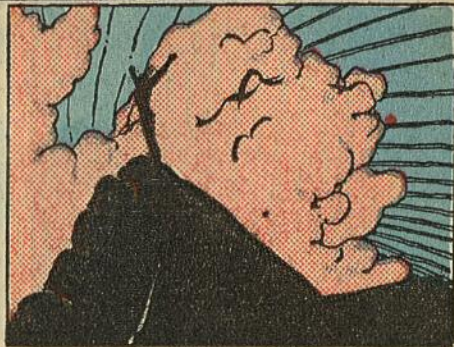
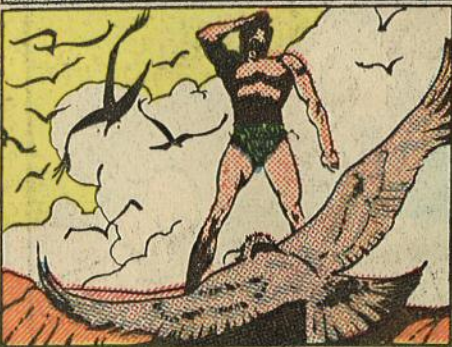
ONLY TO PLUMMET TO EARTH IN A HEAP!!



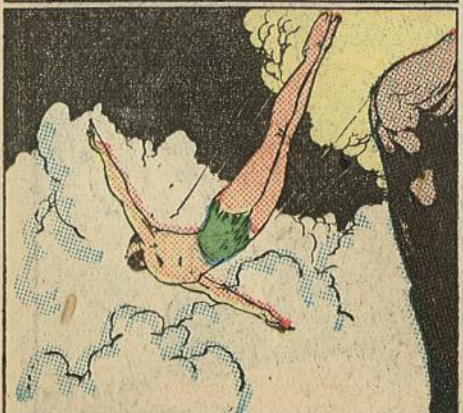
AGAIN HIS LIFE IS SAVED BY THE OLD CONDOR, HIS FOSTER MOTHER.



THE FIRST FAILURE ONLY SHARPENS HIS DESIRE TO FLY, AND DURING THE FOLLOWING YEARS HE PUTS HIS KEEN MIND TO THE TASK OF STUDYING THE MOVEMENTS OF WINGS, THE BODY MOTIONS, AIR CURRENTS, BALANCE AND LEVITATION...



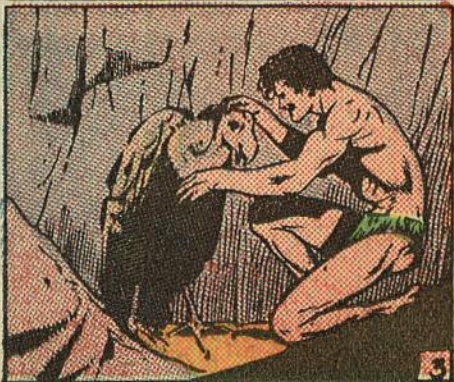
AT LAST HIS DETERMINATION IS REWARDED BY SUCCESS !!



THE YOUNG BIRDS NOW HAVE A COMPANION IN THE AIR...

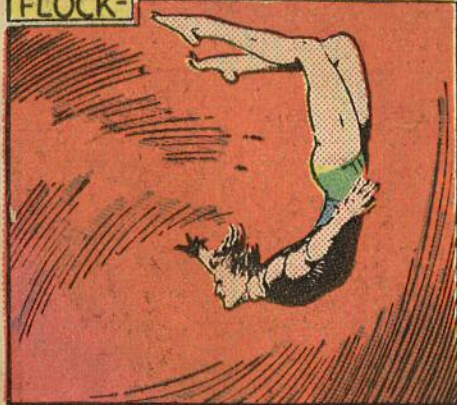


HE SPEAKS TO HIS BIRD FRIENDS IN THEIR OWN STRANGE LANGUAGE, PLANNING FORAGES...





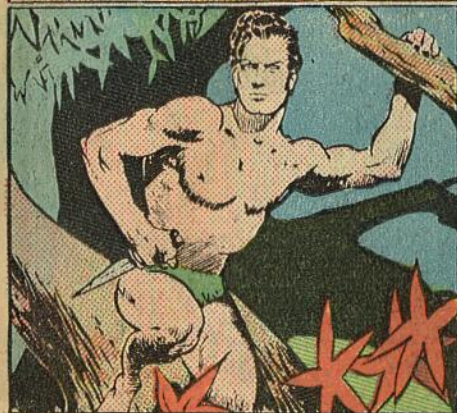
THEN ONE DAY, WHILE HE IS FORAGING FOR FOOD FOR THE FLOCK-



HE IS SUDDENLY SET UPON BY FIERCE, GIANT EAGLES!!



A KNIFE HE HAD FASHIONED OF STONE FLASHES INTO HIS HAND



AND A MOMENT LATER HE DIVES TO THE KILL....



OUTNUMBERED, CLAWED, HE FIGHTS GRIMLY..



UNTIL HIS STRENGTH GIVES OUT

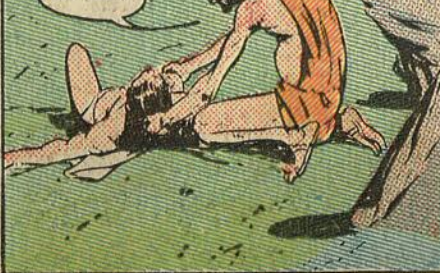


AND HE FALLS WOUNDED...

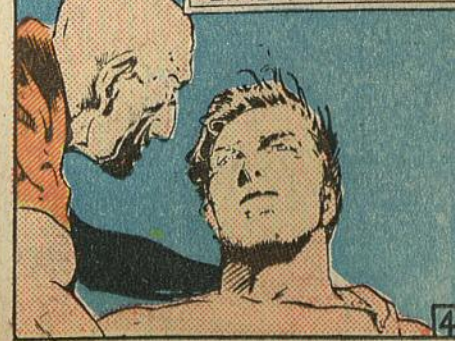


DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME ???  
A MAN FALLING FROM THE SKY!

AS HEAVEN'S MY WITNESS-IT IS A MAN!! A MAN WHO CAN FLY! WHO ARE YOU, LAD-SPEAK! I AM FATHER PIERRE. AH, HIS EYES OPEN!



AT THE SIGHT OF THE OLD HERMIT, SOMETHING STIRS IN THE YOUNG MAN'S MEMORY-- HERE IS A HUMAN, LIKE HIMSELF.





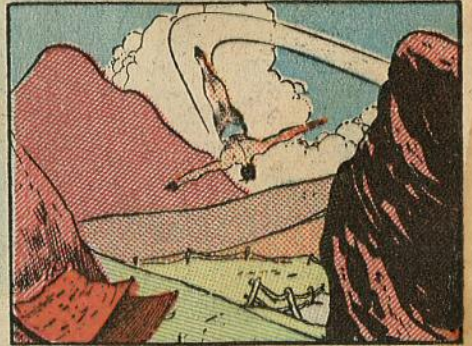
COME LAD, I WILL TAKE YOU TO MY HUT--NOW I UNDERSTAND--YOU'VE LIVED WITH THE BIRDS SO LONG THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT YOU'RE A HUMAN... I'LL CALL YOU CONDOR... YES--BLACK CONDOR, FOR YOUR HAIR IS BLACK!



THROUGH LONG DAYS, THE OLD MAN PATIENTLY TEACHES HIM TO SPEAK. QUICK-WITTED, BLACK CONDOR RAPIDLY LEARNS ALL THE HERMIT CAN TEACH.



THUS, A YEAR PASSES. ONE DAY BLACK CONDOR RETURNS FROM A LONG FLIGHT TO THE LITTLE COTTAGE--IT IS EMPTY.



A STRANGE PALL HANGS OVER IT... A FEELING OF TRAGEDY PERVADES



SOMETHING'S WRONG-- I CAN ALMOST FEEL IT! PIERRE! FATHER PIERRE!

I'M DYING--GALI KAN'S RAIDERS! NAY, DO NOT WEEP! I--I'M OLD--I'VE DONE MY WORK. BROUGHT A LITTLE RELIGION TO POOR HEATHENS. DO GOOD IN THE WORLD, MY SON, FOR YOU HAVE A GIFT NO MAN HAS EVER HAD!



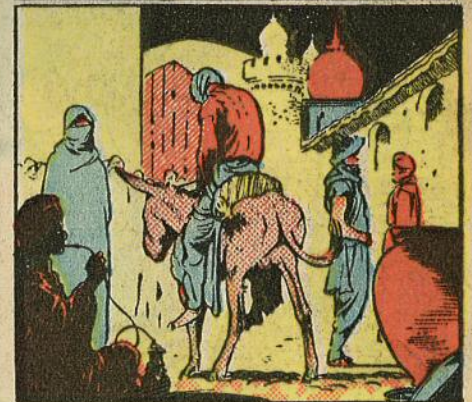
YES, I CAN CLEARLY SEE IT NOW! THERE IS BUT ONE JOB FOR ME IN THIS WORLD.. TO USE MY GIFT OF FLIGHT TOWARD AIDING MAN!



AND THE YEARS FOLLOWING FATHER PIERRE'S DEATH ARE FILLED WITH A NAME... ACROSS THE EAST AND OVER THE CONTINENT SWEEPS A MIGHTY FIGURE--THE BLACK CONDOR!!! TERROR OF THE OUTLAW... SUSPECTED BY THE AUTHORITIES, HE WAGES A RELENTLESS WAR ON EVIL, IN HIS OWN MANNER...



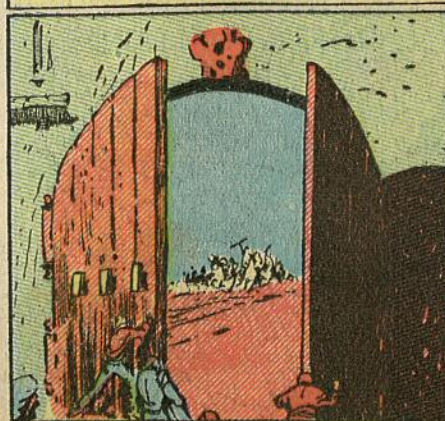
OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO A QUIET VILLAGE IN HINDUSTAN...



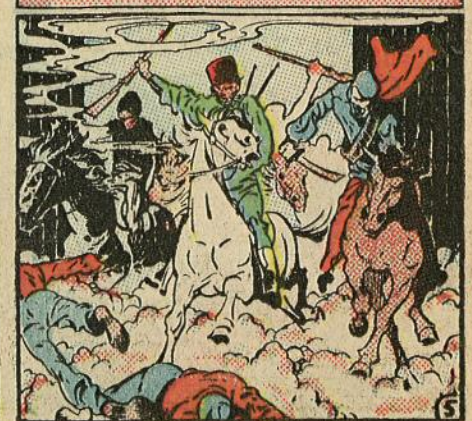
SUDDENLY THE MID-DAY CALM IS BROKEN! TO THE GATES!



FRANTICALLY, THE TOWNSPEOPLE ATTEMPT TO CLOSE THE GATES.



BUT LIKE AN ANGRY TORRENT, THE RAIDERS POUR THROUGH.



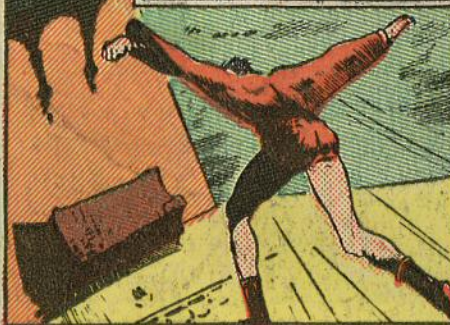




SUDDENLY A FIGURE APPEARS  
SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE  
SETTING SUN. THE WEIRD CALL  
OF THE CONDOR RISES ABOVE  
THE DIN.!!



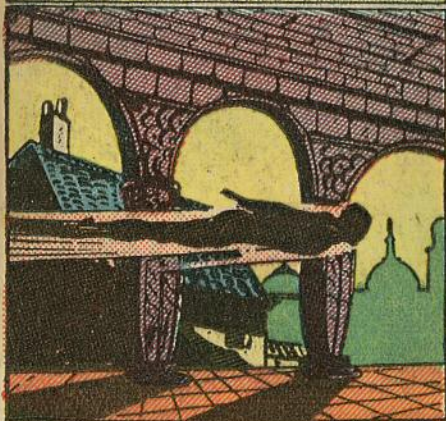
PLUNGING FROM A DIZZY  
HEIGHT THE BLACK  
CONDOR SWOOPS.  
FLANKED BY A HUN-  
DRED BLACK CONDORS!



SO, GALI KAN  
LEADS HIS MEN  
TODAY!!



LIKE A BULLET, HE SAILS LOW  
ACROSS THE COURT.



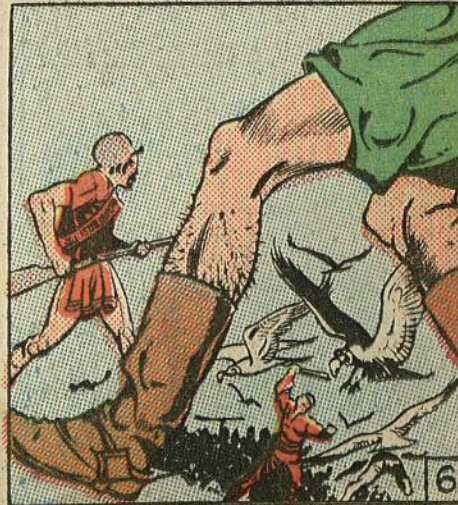
CAWWWW-ATTACK..MY  
BIRD BROTHERS!



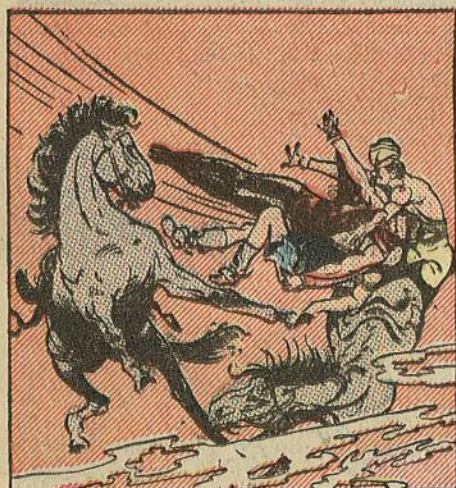
BY ALLAH-THE  
MAN WHO  
FLIES!!



INTO THE THICK OF THE STRUGGLING MEN HE SAILS. HIS FISTS  
THUDDING AGAINST COUNTLESS JAWS. WHILE HIS CONDORS  
DEAL PUNISHMENT TO THE MARAUDERS!









# ANNOUNCING

*The Sensational New Daisy*

## 1000-SHOT

# RED RYDER

License by Stephen Slesinger Inc., New York

## CARBINE



out of the Golden West...  
**RED RYDER** brings *YOU* this beautiful  
 New **GOLDEN-BANDED DAISY**

**NOW READY**—Daisy's brand-new, big, 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE... the gun with the Golden Bands... the gun with the Carbine RING... the gun with RED RYDER'S name, picture, and horse "Thunder" branded into the stock... the NEW gun YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GET! Picture yourself riding the range with this husky RED RYDER CARBINE lashed to your saddle thru that authentic Carbine RING... loading her up with 1000 shot in just 20 seconds... drawing a bead through the Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH Rear Sight. Then—"BANG! BANG! BANG!" as fast as you can work the CARBINE COCKING LEVER... up to ONE THOUSAND SHOTS without once re-loading! Boy, what FUN! What a gun! A Carbine... a REAL Western Carbine. The kind you'll see in Western Movies and on the range. Fred Harman (famous cowboy-artist who draws the exciting RED RYDER comic strip) used to fork a bronc and carry a Carbine 'way out West himself—and Fred helped Daisy design this new, business-like RED RYDER CARBINE. So, it looks real. It feels real. And shoots with a snarley Carbine BARK! How happy you'll be with this beautiful, Genuinely Western RED RYDER CARBINE! Dash down now to your nearest hardware, sporting goods or department store—and BUY IT! Honest-to-Goodness! This big, new, 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE costs you only \$2.95! If your Dealer is sold out (or there's no Daisy Dealer near you) send the \$2.95 direct to us and we'll rush your RED RYDER CARBINE to you POSTPAID!

**2.50** The Popular  
**500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE**

This is Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine, featuring Lightning-Loader Invention and Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH REAR SIGHT. If you can't afford the

brand-new feature-crammed RED-RYDER 1000-SHOT CARBINE at \$2.95—then get THIS 500-Shot beauty for \$2.50 at Dealers or direct. (Duty added in Canada.)

USE DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT  
**BIG JUMBO TUBE 5**  
 Buy genuine Daisy-made "CHROME-SHEEN" steel Bulls Eye Shot—for accurate shooting in Daisy and King Air Rifles. It's BEST. At your Dealers.

**MY NEW LIGHTNING-LOADER REPEATER  
 HAS A HEAP'O NEW FEATURES—  
 LOOK 'EM OVER!**

RED RYDER, America's favorite cowboy, is drawn by Fred Harman, nationally-famous Western Cowboy-Artist. Red Ryder rides in the daily.

Sunday comic sections of hundreds of NEA-served newspapers. He's 6 feet of red-headed trigger lightning, Courageous, Trueblue. Friend of the poor. Foe of the wicked. Watch for him—and Little Beaver—in your newspaper.

- ★ **CARBINE RING**... the only air rifle in the world with genuine Western Style Carbine Ring anchored in jacket!
- ★ **1000-SHOT**... The first 1000-shot repeating Carbine in air rifle history!
- ★ **GOLDEN BANDS**... the first and only Daisy with Golden Bands... on muzzle and hand-hold... symbolizing "The Golden West"!
- ★ **RED RYDER BRANDED STOCK**... Red Ryder's official signature, picture, and horse "Thunder" are all branded into Carbine Stock!
- ★ **LIGHTNING-LOADER**... the only 1000-Shot Daisy with Lightning Loader Invention!
- ★ **LONGER BARREL**... Red Ryder Carbine barrel is 3 inches longer than Daisy's original 500 shot Lightning-Loader Carbine!
- ★ **FULL-LENGTH HAND-HOLD**... long, super-husky, semi-curved authentic Carbine Hand-Hold.
- ★ **COCKING-LEVER**... Authoritative Carbine LEVER as used on Western Carbines.
- ★ **FINISH**... Pistol Grip Stock and hand-hold in rich walnut finish. Metal parts blued. Bands, golden-colored.
- ★ **IT'S A DAISY**... Guaranteed genuine Daisy Quality and Performance! Duty added in Canada.

**IT'S REALLY YOURS  
 for only \$2.95**

**LITTLE BEAVER  
 RED RYDER'S  
 NAVALJO PAL**

**DAISY  
 AIR RIFLES**

**FREE CATALOG**

Just out! Pictures all Daisys from \$1 to \$5. Write!

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 495 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



# THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

Put yourself in these pictures—Open to Everybody!

**MOST POPULAR GIRL IN  
HER CLASS—**



Eats 3 Tootsie Rolls a day

**SLUGGING OUTFIELDER  
OF HIS SCHOOL NINE**



A five-Tootsie man

**SHE'S HERE FOR THE  
HONOR**



Eats Tootsie

**HAS EATEN TOOTSIES ALL  
HIS LIFE**



Picked for the All-American  
backfield this year

*This Space  
Reserved for you!*

Just get wise to how  
good Tootsies are!

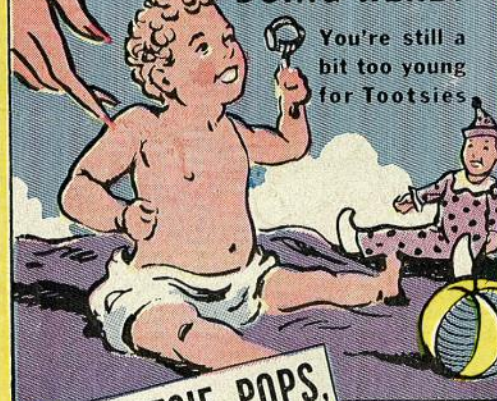
**SOMEDAY HE'LL  
THE OLYMP**



Eats Tootsies before every race he runs

**HEY! WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?**

You're still a  
bit too young  
for Tootsies



**WINS SCHOOL  
HONORS  
EVERY YEAR**



Sure she's bright—she  
eats Tootsies regularly!

**AND  
HERE'S TOOTSIE  
ITSELF!**

Now enriched with  
**DEXTROSE—**

**FOR QUICK FOOD  
ENERGY!**

**TRY TOOTSIE POPS,  
TOO!—8 Grand flavors**



**E**AT lots of Tootsie Rolls regularly!  
They're soft, rich and chewy, with  
the most delicious chocolate flavor  
ever. That's why one and one half  
million Tootsie Rolls are bought daily.  
Buy some today!



**1¢ AND 5¢**

**AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHOCOLATE CHEWY CANDY**



# THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

Put yourself in these pictures—Open to Everybody

**MOST POPULAR GIRL IN  
HER CLASS—**



Eats 3 Tootsie Rolls a day

**SLUGGING OUTFIELDER  
OF HIS SCHOOL NINE**



A five-Tootsie man

**SHE'S HER CITY'S JUNIOR  
DIVING-CHAMP!**



Eats Tootsies regularly

**HAS EATEN TOOTSIES ALL  
HIS LIFE**



Picked for the All-American  
backfield this year



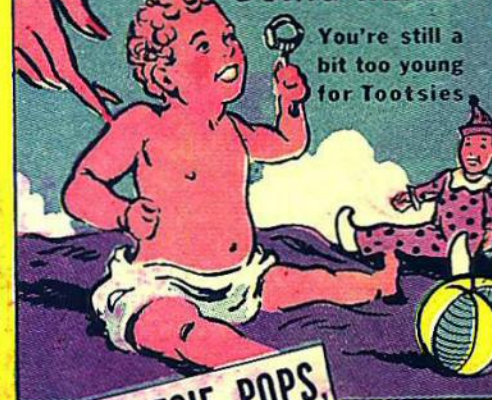
Just get wise to how  
good Tootsies are!

**SOMEDAY HE'LL RUN IN  
THE OLYMPICS**



Eats Tootsies before every race he runs

**HEY! WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?**



You're still a  
bit too young  
for Tootsies

**WINS SCHOOL  
HONORS  
EVERY YEAR**



Sure she's bright—she  
eats Tootsies regularly!

**AND HERE'S TOOTSIE  
ITSELF!**

**Now enriched with  
DEXTROSE—**

**FOR QUICK FOOD  
ENERGY!**

**TRY TOOTSIE POPS,  
TOO!—8 Grand flavors**



**E**AT lots of Tootsie Rolls regularly!  
They're soft, rich and chewy, with  
the most delicious chocolate flavor  
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